Next Month

CANDIDATES AND KINGMAKERS

Simeon Strunsky

Since the day of Harding's nomination there has grown up a popular belief that all presidential candidates are nominated by a small clique pulling wires behind the scenes, usually in the seclusion of a smoke-filled hotel room located near the convention hall. Simeon Strunsky proves that this is a myth. He goes further and shows what actually are the forces which determine a candidate's nomination.

WHAT GERMANY REALLY WANTS

George N. Shuster

The complications of the political situation and the muddle of conflicting reports in our newspapers have made it impossible for most of us to figure out what is going on in Germany. Mr. Shuster has returned from a recent visit and has summed up his observations clearly and concisely. The importance of Germany's fate to the rest of the world is generally recognized: it is vital, therefore, that we understand clearly the factors which will determine it.

THE FUTURE OF POLITICS

A Socratic Dialogue

George W. Wickersham, James Truslow Adams, Frank R. Kent, Elmer Davis, and Roland S. Morris discuss the changes that are to be expected in our political system. What will be the effect of the great depression on our form of government? Will some national hero, some dictator arise out of the crisis? These are some of the questions touched on.

YOUTH'S STANDARDS

Dawn Lovelace

Another in our popular series of articles on the younger generation. Youth speaks for itself on the question of standards and ideals.

JOHN N. GARNER

Clinton W. Gilbert

What are his chances of running away with the Democratic convention as a dark horse candidate? Here is the answer.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH WOMEN'S COLLEGES

Willis J. Ballinger

A controversial discussion of the effects of college training on women. Will you send your daughter to college after reading this?

FORUM and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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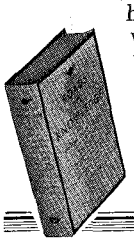

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1919, by John Dos Passos; Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

IN THIS second section of the huge canvas which *The 42nd Parallel* began, the author's method and objective become more definite and more clear. The six people (three of whom figured in the preceding novel) whose careers during the war years and the bickering Peace Conference are here followed live on the edge of a precipice — and the precipice, Mr. Dos Passos believes, has cracked and sags perilously: the reign of the middle classes in America grows less sure and more turbulent; a social revolution is seen to be not a fantastic doom but an inevitable hope. Such is, or seems to be, the text for Mr. Dos Passos's exciting and magnificent parable — a text never explicitly stated but always implied. Many readers will disagree with this prophecy, but none can deny that both *The 42nd Parallel* and *1919* present an exceedingly convincing basis for it. And, disregarding the social implications (which is of course the last thing the author wishes disregarded), everyone must admit that the two books offer as vigorous and sweeping a panorama of twentieth-century America as has ever been done in fiction. Taken purely as a novel, or considered as an accurate and cassandra-like picture of present society,

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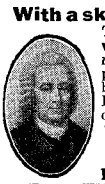

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these two books by Mr. Dos Passos must be acknowledged as important and significant.

SMALL-TOWN STUFF, by Albert Blumenthal; University of Chicago Press, $4.00.

THIS BOOK proves, as did the Lynds's *Middletown*, to which it will be compared, that sociological documents are not necessarily dull. Mineville is smaller than Middletown — in other words, Philipsburg, Montana, is smaller than Muncie, Indiana — but it is just as fruitful a field for the intelligent, sympathetic researcher, one prejudiced neither in favor of, nor against, his material. And this rare impartiality Mr. Blumenthal possesses to an extraordinary degree, as is indicated by the fact that in many instances where he could have so easily taken a sneering, pseudo-sophisticated attitude he remains fair and unbiased. He quotes freely from conversations held with Minevillers, yet his quotations are no more revealing than his independent observations. Certainly anyone who has lived in Mineville, or any of its thousand prototypes, will recognize here the authentic note, the multiple details which make the American small town a unique institution. The book is the result of a scientific experiment in the field of humanity, but it contains material for a dozen novels.

ONCE A GRAND DUKE, by the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia; Farrar and Rinehart, $3.50.

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LIFE AND ANDREW OTWAY, by Neil Bell; Putnam, $2.50.

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Books in Brief

completed, he says, was its resemblance to the memorable chronicle of Ponderevo pointed out to him; and then he realized that, without consciously attempting to imitate Mr. Wells, he had chosen an identical theme and treated it in the same mood. Whatever its source, *Life and Andrew Otway* is an entertaining and painstakingly written piece of work. The story deals with the title character's swift ascent from the proprietorship of a small seaside shop to the financial leadership of England. He makes millions and spends them in as fantastic a manner as he made them — in lavish, inexplicable gestures which bring happiness neither to him nor to his beneficiaries. Eventually the very enormity of his undertakings engulfs him, ruining his own life and those of many who had entrusted their savings to his meteoric enterprises. The extravagant tale is told in a sober — indeed, at times an almost pedantical — manner, which by contrast with the events narrated makes Otway's career seem even more amazing, and yet at the same time more believable. Well-constructed, with an ingenious plot set forth in a straightforward fashion, this novel is a pleasant relief from the formless self-probings of psychoanalytical fictionists.

MAN COMES OF AGE, by John Langdon-Davies; Harper, $3.50.

TO POINT out the relationship of science to the daily life and philosophy of the average man is the object of John Langdon-Davies in *Man Comes of Age*. Very adroitly Mr. Langon-Davies distinguishes between the world of reality as the scientist, with his mathematical knowledge, sees it and as it is seen by the layman, whose knowledge is arrived at through the senses. However, Mr. Langdon-Davies does not condemn the world of make-believe, the common-sense world of the layman, but points out how essential it all is to the happiness of mankind. *Man Comes of Age* is an absorbingly interesting study of the new scientific attitude toward life.

MARY'S NECK, by Booth Tarkington; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

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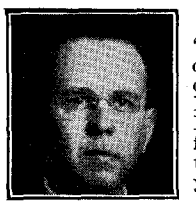

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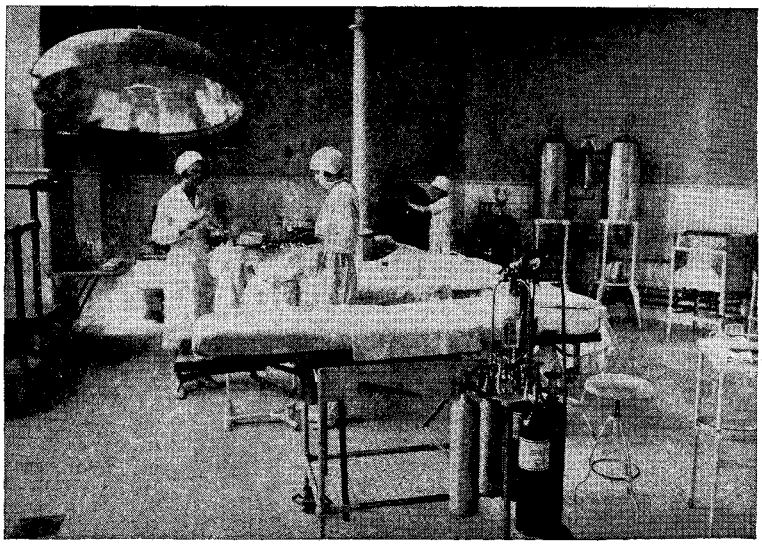

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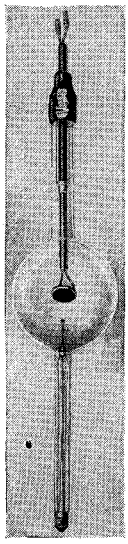

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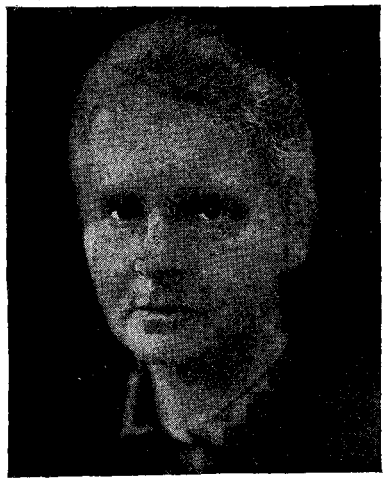

1898—Marie Curie *and her husband discovered radium.*

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Books in Brief

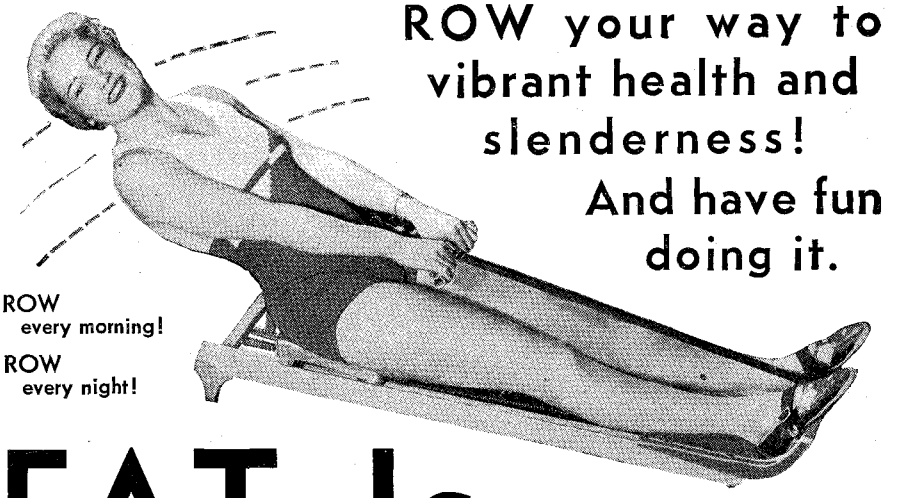
swindling antique dealers, Greenwich Villagey artists, cautious natives, and the other summer residents — all generally suspicious in their preliminary dealings with strangers. The Masseys wondered at first who the really influential people of Mary's Neck could be, but when the story draws to a close, after a series of highly amusing events, there is no doubt, at least in Mr. Massey's mind, that the Masseys have succeeded in including themselves in that select group.

GROVER CLEVELAND, by Denis Tilden Lynch; Liveright, $3.50.

IN STRESSING the integrity and the incorruptible qualities of Grover Cleveland, Mr. Lynch fortunately avoids giving him a shiny halo and the nauseous attributes of a Sunday School hero. He does not gloss over Cleveland's robust failings, but he does succeed in writing a stirring and inspiriting chronicle of the latter's lifelong struggle with Tammany, of his consistent refusals to do the expedient thing, of his triumphs in causes which, even to his friends, appeared to spell certain disaster. The high spot of the book is, of course, Cleveland's first presidential campaign, with all its connotations of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," its sordid scandal mongering, and its exciting climax. Mr. Lynch is a diligent if somewhat inaccurate fact-gatherer. His biography is packed with details and interesting incident, though unhappily it is very sloppily written and shows a lack of genuine historical perspective. It is lucky that, for the sake of the story which he tells, one can to some degree overlook the journalistic manner of the telling.

THE PURITAN, by Liam O'Flaherty: Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

REVERSING the usual procedure, Mr. O'Flaherty initiates one immediately into the circumstances of the murder with which his book opens. Half-crazed by religious fanaticism and repression, and by a jealous physical passion which he does not at first recognize, Francis Ferriter kills a woman of the streets who happens to lodge in his boarding house, and deliberately tries to throw the blame on her lover. He regards himself as an instrument of God, destined to stamp out unrighteousness. He is, though he does not know it, an extreme example of the kind of Puritanism which is springing up in modern Ireland among middle class Catholics. Mr. O'Flaherty's new novel, which is something in the manner of *The Assassin*, rises to a crescendo of psychological terror and bewilderment. One follows the confused twistings of Ferriter's mind as he begins to decipher his own



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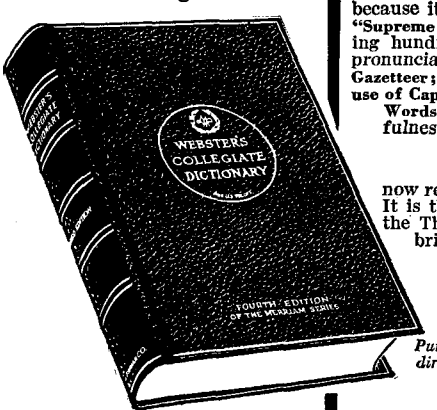

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Books in Brief

distorted motives, as he rouses the suspicions of the police, as he is self-destroyed by his own eccentric behavior. *The Puritan* is an unpleasant, but a very powerful and arresting book.

WITHOUT CHERRY BLOSSOM, by Panteleimon Romanof; Scribner, $2.50.

AS WAS proved before by his novel, *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings*, Panteleimon Romanof is an artist first and a good Communist second. He has too delicate a psychological insight to be, according to Soviet notions, an entirely satisfactory propagandist. These short stories of love among the Communists deal with the changes in the moral and sexual code. Some of them demonstrate the new honesty, simplicity, and emotional freedom which has come in with the new dispensation; some of them unconsciously give the game away. Romanof is too straightforward an artist not to recognize that the old, bitter problems of jealousy, loss, and waning passion are as acute under the Soviets as in a jaded Capitalist world. His tales are absorbing as a revelation of the new Russia, but they are even more admirable as subtle and exquisite studies of human character under the influence of emotion. They are, in that sense, timeless.

THE PHOENIX-KIND, by Peter Quennell; Viking, $2.50.

ALL THE encomiums on Mr. Quennell's brilliant and distinguished style should not frighten prospective readers away from this novel. It is true, as both British and American critics have observed, that he writes a remarkable prose. It is also true that *The Phoenix-Kind* is a very clever and diverting book which should not be saddled with the adjective, 'high-brow.' Chiefly it is the story of two brothers — one dashing and carefree, the other an anæmic, complicated intellectual — who are both in love with the same lax-moraled young lady. They lead a leisurely, rather giddy life in London and the relations among the three are packed with delightful comedy.

TIME STOOD STILL, by Paul Cohen-Portheim; Dutton, $3.00.

THE DREAD of those Germans who were so unfortunate as to be left stranded in England when the World War broke out was not dread of mistreatment in the prison camps to which they were committed — actually they were treated pretty well, considering the anti-German hysteria evinced by the English people at that time. Rather it was dread of restricted confinement, for a maddeningly uncertain length of time, with others whose only bond of companionship was

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Books in Brief

that of nationality and from whose idiosyncracies there was no escape into privacy. Paul Cohen-Portheim has vividly described his illy assorted fellow prisoners at Knockaloe and Wakefield, the two English prison camps where he was confined, and has told how they devised ways to make their days of unlimited leisure less palling. *Time Stood Still* is a picture of a certain phase of war which rarely commands more than cursory attention — a phase, nevertheless, which damns war almost as strongly as the havoc of battle.

RUMOUR AT NIGHTFALL, by Graham Greene; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

GRAHAM GREENE has produced, in *Rumour at Nightfall*, a brilliant example of the psychological novel. There is much about his writing and the interplay of thought among his characters that is reminiscent of Conrad's work, particularly *Nostromo* and *The Arrow of Gold*.. The story, in brief, deals with the search of Frank Chase, a London newspaper correspondent, for Caveda, the leader of a band of Spanish rebels intent upon capturing the town of San Juan in the Pyrenees. Chase's friend, Michael Crane, falls in love with Señorita Monti — reputed to be Caveda's sweetheart — and marries her. Torn between loyalty to his friend and his desire for information concerning the outlaw, Chase isolates himself from Crane and Señorita Monti and waits for the inevitable uprising against the government troops in San Juan. Crane is killed in the fighting that follows, and the book ends with Chase and Señorita Monti discovering love in their mutual consolation for what is lost.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE, by Clarence Darrow; Scribner, $3.50.

PEOPLE IN general seldom understand, or try to understand, an idealist. To them idealists are either hypocrites or visionary zealots — thoroughly dangerous people to have around if allowed to wield too much influence in public life. Clarence Darrow is an idealist, and as such he has been hated and despised for his views about crime and punishment and for his defense of men charged with crime in some of the most important, not to say sensational, trials held in this country within the past forty years. The story of his life is one of devotion to the seemingly hopeless cause of humanizing the law's conception of justice. Darrow considers crime as a disease, the causes of which are to be found, not in the immediate circumstances provoking misbehavior, but in the environment of the criminal's early life. And he contends, with convincing sincerity, that the cure will never be discovered in our complex system of laws.

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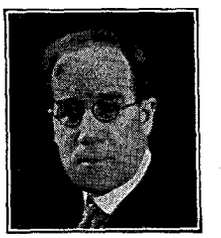

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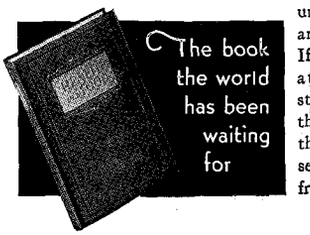

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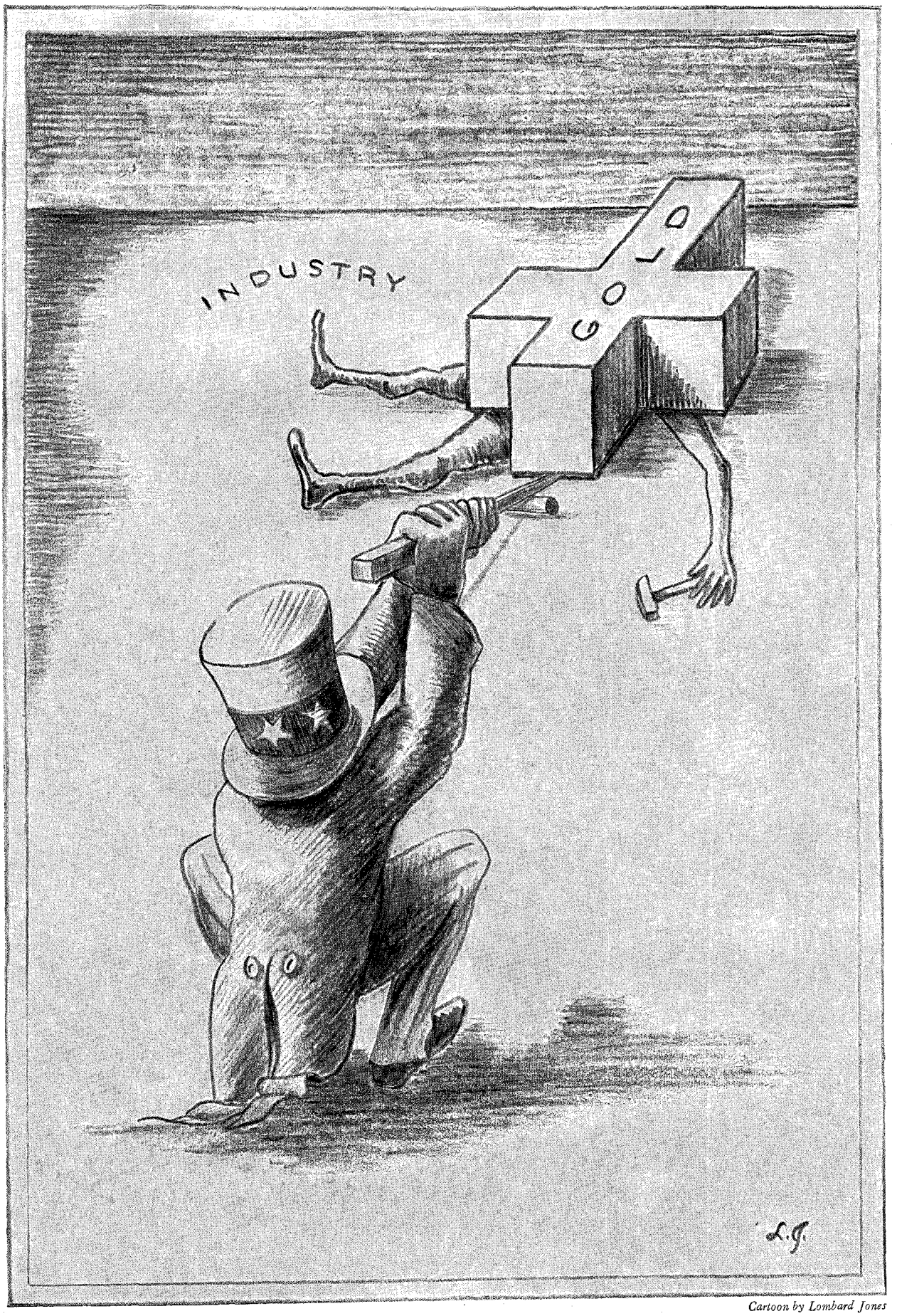

Cartoon by Lombard Jones

No One-Man Job

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FORUM

APRIL, 1932 VOL. 87, NO. 4

Our Cross of Gold

A Foreword by the Editor

At this Easter season we look instinctively for some hopeful sign of national resurrection beyond that Garden of Gethsemane in which the American people have been agonizing since 1929. Many believe that release will come through solution of the problem of distribution of gold. Their hope was confirmed by the rebound of public confidence when Congress proposed to celebrate Lincoln's Birthday by freeing from legal bondage three quarters of a billion dollars of our huge reserve.

Obviously something has been out of gear with that gold standard which is mysteriously bound up with our happiness. Only three nations besides the United States now remain on a basis of free gold. Certain Senators from silvermining States advocate our return to bimetallism and quote again the passionate words of silver-tongued Bryan: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

To-day our Cross of Gold is on the other shoulder. The trouble seems to be not that we have too little of the precious metal, but too much. Our cross is propitiation for greed and recklessness. Our Treasury is surfeited with the greatest hoard of gold ever accumulated by man, and the American workingman is threatened with starvation, like the unfortunate Midas, who turned everything he touched into gold.

The burden of proof is with those who claim that there is not enough gold to carry on the business of the world. For, over long periods of time gold is minted at about the same rate as world wealth grows — an increase of three per cent per annum. Whenever mining drops off new sources appear — as to-day when India disgorges old jewelry and Sweden discovers rich new ore. The problem is one of distribution rather than amount. Our own huge hoard, if melted into a single cube, would measure only twenty-two feet on a side. A block of uranium, one foot square, might serve as well.

Gold, like goods, should be kept in motion, and not reburied in the coffers of any nation. What would happen to a game of baseball if an American pitcher and a French catcher pocketed all the balls? History keeps repeating the lesson of free gold. The Mediterranean prospered when Alexander turned west the treasures of Persia. Venice and Elizabethan England flowered into renaissance after Spanish galleons bore to Europe the golden hoards of the Incas and Montezumas.

So we say to the nations, Come and carry off our gold to your hearts' content. Yankee ingenuity will get it back again with trade and compound interest. Let the foreign central banks sit with our Federal Reserve and regulate the behavior of gold. The triumvirate who watch over our gold reserve, Messrs. Hoover, Mills, and Meyer, together with a Democratic Congress, have declared for liberalization. Under their leadership we are leaving our Cross of Gold, and preparing for the resurrection of American and World Prosperity.

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What Japan Really Wants

by **PAUL HUTCHINSON**

FOR THE SIXTH time in a generation Japan has grasped at the shadow of power and lost the substance. As I write, her warships lie in full control of Shanghai, the greatest port of the Far East. Her soldiers hold Manchuria from the Great Wall to Harbin. Her diplomats shrug noncommittal shoulders as they listen with scarcely concealed superciliousness to the protests of Geneva, London, Washington. Never before has Japan held so firmly the outward semblance of power. Never before has she been so plainly marching toward ruin.

Six times, I say, has the "modernized" Japan seized what she thought to be power, only to find herself loaded with liabilities far weightier than any advantages she may have gained. Her first great cast for a place in the sun came in 1895 when, at the close of her war with China, she annexed Formosa. The war itself had proved a ridiculously easy conquest. And what is conquest for if not to add to a nation's territory and power? To be sure, certain European nations placed a veto — for which they later paid dearly — on the annexations that Japan most desired to make as her reward for that initial adventure in armed imperialism. But, balked of Port Arthur, there was Formosa, an island capable of supporting an immensely enlarged population, rich in natural resources, inviting in climate. Why not Formosa? And so, for the first time, the name of Japan entered the list of "powers" when Formosa and its attendant Pescadores were added to the island empire.

And what has Japan gained from Formosa? The temper of the natives has required the constant vigilance of large military and police forces, not to mention several costly campaigns. The island has failed to attract that surplus population which is always pointed out by Japanese statesmen as requiring territorial expansion — and always refuses to leave home after the expansion comes! The camphor monopoly that once looked so promising as a source of easy money for the always hard-pressed empire went to pieces with the invention of synthetic camphor. Only by an expert juggling of figures has the occupation been made to appear other than an endless drain on the Imperial treasury. Save for the single advantage that comes from holding territory which might possibly be seized for use as a base by some attacking enemy, plus the prestige that comes from holding conquered territory — a form of prestige that is fast losing its glamour — Japan has nothing to show for her first colonial venture but the birth of China's hatred and the beginning of that process of military expansion that has dragged her closer and closer to bankruptcy.

Fifteen years after the annexation of Formosa, Japan annexed Korea. Never was there an easier conquest, or one which seemed to offer more to the conqueror. Korea had become so helpless a pawn in the politics of the Orient that her dynasty accepted with gratitude the proffered refuge of incorporation in the Japanese nobility. Korean territory had acquired a high sentimental value in Japanese eyes through the sacrifices of the war with Russia; the Japanese authorities confidently believed that this might be quickly and easily translated into a colonial development of enormous

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economic value. In the years since annexation, accordingly, everything possible has been done to speed the settlement of Korea by Japanese and to guarantee to these emigrants speedy and large financial returns.

But Korea has proved another disappointment. Comparatively few Japanese have migrated there — not enough to make any impression on the problem of surplus population at home. The methods by which Korean farmers have been edged off their land to make possible the operations of Japanese colonizing societies have engendered a deep and ceaseless hatred on the part of the Koreans. Once, at least, this has given rise to open insurrection. Always it has necessitated the maintenance in Korea of a costly military establishment, backed up by police and spy systems that are a constant drain on the Japanese budget. Viewed as an economic investment, Korea so far has been an undeveloped pioneer area, into which millions of yen have been poured in hope of future profits. But the day of profit-taking has not yet dawned, and there is no immediate prospect of its arrival. Viewed from the military standpoint, Korea, which was to have been a rampart against attack, has proved to be merely another exposed salient of empire, whose protection has involved the later and more costly operations in Siberia and Manchuria.

The decade that followed the annexation of Korea saw Japan embark upon her two most costly and most fruitless imperialistic adventures. The first involved the attempt to establish her control over the Chinese province of Shantung, and the second eventuated in her occupation of eastern Siberia. Looking back on these two incidents it is hard to understand why they seem to have had so slight an educative effect on the mind of Japan's dominant military caste or to have failed so largely to weaken the prestige of that caste. For in these two cases the military caste precipitated the empire into enterprises conducted according to the perfect pattern of nineteenth-century imperialism, and both signally failed to work out.

When Japan, seeing her opportunity in the outbreak of the World War, seized the German colony of Kiao-chao, she but followed the pattern that the Western powers had marked out. Putting pressure on the one hand to wring acceptance of the hard-boiled Twenty-one Demands from a helpless China, and on the other to conclude a series of secret agreements with the hard-pressed nations of Europe, Japan was able to enter the peace conference in a position to exact the Shantung clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. Viewed from the standpoint of the militarists, her position was impregnable. But the storm of resentment which the Shantung awards stirred up, provoking the Chinese boycott and the open ill will of other states, made all the gains from the occupation of Shantung of such doubtful value that in less than four years the empire was ready to withdraw from a position which, regarded purely as a military problem, could have been held indefinitely.

The Siberian episode was even more humiliating in its final outcome. There Japan took advantage of a condition of near-anarchy, one in which the public opinion of the rest of the world held that she was confronted by an outlaw state, to seize a vast stretch of territory that apparently offered every inducement for just such a policy. Economically, Siberia offered resources of enormous potential value. Strategically, occupation increased tenfold the margin of protection for the empire against the advance of an enemy as dangerous socially as politically. The simplicity of the occupation proved all that the Tokyo general staff promised. But the outcome was so disastrous, from the standpoint of the national budget and the industrial prospects of the empire, that, without ever experiencing any important military resistance, Japan was finally glad to draw her troops out of Siberia, give up her grip on the railway, and write the whole adventure off to profit and loss.

It is amazing that, in the face of experiences of this kind, the military clique should, within another decade, have been able to induce the nation to embark on two more adventures of the same sort. But the facts are what they are. Not content with the dominant position which she had held in Manchuria ever since 1905, Japan has now undertaken a complete military subjugation of the entire southern part of that vast territory and is, as these words are written, sending her troops northward to seize Harbin and so to establish herself athwart the Russian railway to Vladivostock. And, as if that were not enough bite to be digested at one time,

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with the turn of the year she has dispatched her forces to Shanghai, which she is now in process of subduing, and from which she doubtless expects to move to capture control of the Yangtze valley.

The Dream of Domination

In view of the risks which Japan takes in embarking on these latest ventures, the only conclusion possible is that her actual rulers are still under the spell of the ideas inculcated by the armed imperialisms of the nineteenth century, which were at the height of their prestige in the period when Japan was transforming herself from the isolated medievalism of the shogunate to the "modernized" state which now confronts the world. The term "actual rulers" is used with deliberation, for nothing is more clear than that the formation of a parliament, the extension of the franchise, and all the other developments in the direction of democratic government have not as yet succeeded in upsetting, or even seriously weakening, the actual authority of the military caste. Commercial interests have, on some occasions, dared to oppose the military lords. But in the pinch, the army and navy still have the impregnable strength of the elder statesmen and aristocratic clans at their backs, which means control of the throne. Which still means, in Japan, control of everything.

One by-product of the present Japanese policy in Manchuria has been the education of most of the rest of the world as to the nature and power of Japanese militarism. It is now widely understood in the West that control of the army and navy in Japan remain the prerogative of the empire's two most ancient and powerful clans — the Satsuma and Chosu — and that these two branches of the govern ment, although represented in the cabinet, are in no vital sense responsible to the cabinet, but, under the form of direct relation to the throne, are in practice almost free to follow their own desires. The only important civilian check on military and naval programs is budgetary — which has had its part in precipitating the present crisis — and that check, as the veriest political tyro knows, can be removed by the simple expedient of creating an international imbroglio in which it is necessary to keep army and navy at maximum strength.

It is not hard to understand, when all the elements are taken into account, why this ruling military clique in Japan remains obsessed with the ideas that governed the imperialisms of the last century. Any pupil is likely to treasure the precepts of his instructors. This is particularly true in the Orient, where the maxims of the Confucian philosophy are so deeply ingrained — among others, the sanctity of the relationship which should exist between teacher and pupil. During the years of her tutelage, say from 1854 to 1894 or to 1904, Japan's teachers were the European imperialists of that period. Undoubtedly she was impressed most of all by the precepts and practice of Bismarckian Germany, as the arrangement of her political institutions and the status of her army and navy show. Far from having been disillusioned by the outcome of the World War, the members of Japan's ruling clans honestly believe that that war demonstrated the superior efficiency of the Hohenzollern empire, since it was overcome only after more than four years of terrific struggle by a combination of almost all the rest of the world. The present Japanese policy in Manchuria and at Shanghai is therefore, in a sense, simply testimony that Japan's ruling clans believe that the lesson taught by Germany at Tsingtao in 1898 is as applicable to world conditions in the fourth decade of the twentieth century as it was in the last decade of the nineteenth.

Intense as is the resentment now being felt in this country against the course which Japan is following, fairness should compel recognition that the dream which animates the Japanese is the same dream that has possessed the Anglo-Saxon nations — domination over a major geographical area. Just as the United States conceives itself as the unchallenged leader of the Americas, and as England is unhappy when she is not playing the leading rôle in Europe, so Japan believes that fate has marked her for first place in the mighty future that is opening before Asia. She has a keen sense of her lack of resources for such a part, but she can see no reason why, if an island kingdom no larger than Britain can build history's mightiest empire and make her word received with respect in every court of Europe, Nippon should not be able to accomplish as much in relation to the Asiatic mainland.

Latterly, also, it is only fair to acknowledge

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that Japan has acquired a certain measure of Messianic complex. Many of her leaders honestly conceive their nation to-day as the champion of the tinted peoples in an inevitable struggle to redress the racial balances which were tipped so heavily toward white world control by the events which fell between the departure of Columbus from Cadiz and the battle of Adowa. This factor of race championship must not be left out of account in any appraisal of Japanese policy. It has been, for example, responsible for much more of the Japanese defiance of the League of Nations than can be easily computed. For whatever the reasonableness of the League's proposals, Japan simply does not mean to accept dictation longer from any white-controlled international body.

Humanitarians may feel that Japan has taken a peculiar method of securing leadership, either in Asia or as champion of the non-white peoples. Her high-handed course, they will point out, has earned her the suspicion of Siberia and India, the hatred of China, and the bitterness of the Koreans. Neither do the Filipinos nor the Malays trust her. How much leadership can a nation exercise under such circumstances? The answer of the ruling caste in Japan is that leadership is generally enforced rather than entrusted; that nations and races, like smaller communities, are divided into lions and sheep, and that rule is reserved for the lions. The methods by which the British empire established its power were not, in many cases, distinguished for sweet reasonableness. No more were the methods of the United States in the Caribbean. Even Lenin perceived that power is a prerogative of dictatorship.

This is the basis on which most Japanese conceive the policy of their nation toward China justified. Japan has no enmity against China. That, I think, any dispassionate observer will concede. But she sees in China a sprawling, helpless child-nation, her own worst enemy and, because of her helplessness, a constant temptation to the cupidity of the rest of the world. What China needs, as Japan sees the case, is discipline — someone to come in and whip her into shape. Because of the size of the problem, this may involve a measure of practical subjugation extending over years, or even generations. But this is all, in the long run, for China's own good. It keeps the danger of further Western penetration of the East at bay. It delivers China from further despoliation at the hands of her own military freebooters. And it will so organize China's potentialities that, when the period of tutelage is at an end, China will take her place easily and without dispute among the world powers. In the meanwhile, is not the tutor worthy of his hire?

Now that, roughly speaking, is the most common attitude of Japanese toward China, and it should not be difficult for Americans, who have formed the habit of acting a similar tutorial rôle toward Nicaragua, Haiti, Cuba, or Mexico, to comprehend. The Japanese, it is true, become considerably exasperated when China fails to respond to what they regard as the fundamental good will of Japanese policy. But almost any outsider who tries to do business with China in these days is likely to grow exasperated before the attempt is finished. I remember hearing a distinguished American, on his return from representing his nation at an international conference in Peking (as it then was), close his friendly comments on China by saying, "Of course, no American can be over there long without itching to take forty thousand marines in and set the country in order."

Well, that is much the attitude of Japan, given added point in her case by the fact that the progressive disintegration of China constitutes a nuisance on her own doorstep. It is to set China in order, to set the whole East in order, and to set in order the color bloc that is to confront the white world that Japan has grasped for power.

The High Costs of the War

But what is power? Practitioners of the *realpolitik* of the nineteenth century would have found it difficult to understand why that question should be raised. Power was possession. To the politician, power was the possession of territory or of the authority of arms. To the industrialist, power was the possession of markets or of natural resources. The whole clash of competing interests in Africa, the Near and the Far East that led to the cataclysm of 1914 grew out of those conceptions. The statesman of the nineteenth century never considered himself to have acquired power in any given territory until he had run a flag up over it. The trader never felt himself on firm

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ground until he could write the tariffs and land titles of a region.

That was the teaching of the imperialism in vogue when Japan entered the school of the nations, and that is unfortunately the teaching that Japan still follows. To attain the fulfillment of her dreams she must have power, and power is possession. The trouble is, of course, that the old formula is not working in the post-war world, and the Japanese mind has not proved elastic enough to grasp the fact. It has been a good many years since the Western nations felt actual territorial possession necessary to economic advantage. The way of the colonial power has been too hard to make colonizing attractive of late; moreover, American experience with the indirections of a Platt Amendment or certain Central American loans and treaties has proved that results quite as conclusive can be attained by means that are (seemingly) much more pacific and certainly much cheaper.

Of course, one cannot pretend that the Western powers have entirely forgotten the *realpolitik* of the pre-war period. Certain events in Syria, in Samoa, and India prove otherwise. But at least this has happened: they have learned that another technique is conceivable. And while this new technique is still being tried out somewhat crudely, it is showing results more satisfactory than those of the old order. The United States, for example, has every reason to believe that it has found a surer way to power in its dealing with Mexico through the bankers' technique introduced by the late Dwight Morrow than it possessed when President Wilson was forced to rely on General Pershing's flying column. And in years to come the United States will probably find the possession of the defaulted bonds of the South American republics a "persuader" superior to visits from battle squadrons and threats of the marines. For even though the process of defaulting has been an uncomfortable one for certain of our citizens, it cannot begin to compare in costliness with a single military expedition. If that sounds cynical, all I can say is that international politics continues to be a cynical business, even in this blessed post-Versailles era.

It is a general observation on the Japanese that they are an imitative, rather than an originating, people. Almost any traveler in Japan can tell of the ways in which minor Japanese officials, attempting to follow rules that have been patterned on foreign models, have been reduced to helplessness by the appearance of circumstances of an unexpected nature. The bewilderment of the Japanese policeman when called on to deal with a problem "not in the book" is a by-word among wanderers in the Orient. Japan's diplomatic book was written in the days when the European powers were scrambling for territorial acquisitions all over Africa and Asia; it is too sadly in accord with the Japanese nature that her rulers should have failed to perceive that a new set of circumstances has arisen for which the old rules are inadequate.

By following the old rules Japan, in her desire for power, has gained an enormous increase in territorial control. It is of interest to note, for example, that Manchuria, and Inner Mongolia over which Japan is just now establishing her authority, do not differ much in size from the territory which the United States took as its prize from the war with Mexico. In addition, Japan has gained natural resources of great importance to her industrial ambitions, and the control of populations with high market potentialities. And it is obvious that, at least for the present, she has attained a position of unquestioned dominance in the Far East. Add these three gains together, and it will be understood why the Japanese have felt the risks of their policy worth taking.

But against these gains the Japanese will shortly come to see that there are certain losses to be entered. There is, for one thing, the enormous increase in the national budget, and hence in the tax burden, that is involved in any continued policing of a territory as large as Manchuria. The Japanese budget last year totaled more than $800,000,000, which represented an increase of 180 per cent over the year of the outbreak of the World War. It was the attempt of the cabinet to reduce this by cutting the cost of one corps out of the army estimates that, in the opinion of many observers, determined the military clique to precipitate the crisis in Manchuria last September. The cost of the operations in Manchuria and the Yangtze valley will add an enormous burden to the budget for next year; the cost of administering any territory thus seized will serve to keep the total at new heights. When

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it is remembered that forty out of the sixty million Japanese are peasant farmers; that 93.1 per cent of the families live on a monthly income not exceeding 100 yen, it can be seen how serious is any addition to a tax burden that already averages almost 14 yen a year for every man, woman, and child.

On the debit side of the ledger Japan must also enter the questionable nature of the titles attained by the means she has been following. Mr. Stimson pointed out in his note of January 7 that titles, either to territory or to any other form of property, acquired by the use of force in defiance of the provisions of the Kellogg pact are void. That may have sounded like an empty form of words when Mr. Stimson employed it, but Japan's financiers will soon awaken to its importance. A Shanghai periodical recently listed several hundred commercial establishments of one kind and another which Japan has seized in Manchuria. But the successful development of these properties depends upon securing funds in the world's financial markets, Japan being a debtor nation. It would be a bold banker who would furnish funds to develop a title that the United States had specifically pronounced bad.

A third fact with which Japan must reckon is the hatred of her neighbors. There is always a temptation for the armed strong man to despise the expressed outrage of those on whom he has trampled, setting it down as the fruitless compensation of weakness. But force has never yet found a satisfactory way of dealing with a boycott, and no amount of military pressure can make an enraged nation buy. If Japan is to develop an industrial strength in the East in any way comparable with that which Britain has built in the West, she must have successful access to the markets of China. She may be able to command raw materials at the point of a gun, but of what use are materials unless there are markets in which to dispose of the manufactured goods into which the materials are transformed?

Last of all, Japan has managed, by her course since last September, to plant in the minds of all the rest of the world suspicion of her good faith. In an industrialized world, where credit is one of the necessities of expansion, this loss of confidence is an intangible loss that may eventually do more than all the others combined to check and hamper the progress of the island empire.

The Impending Revolution

The bald fact, therefore, is that Japan, holding Manchuria, storming Shanghai, defying the protests of the rest of the world, is compounding for herself a perfectly impossible future. The power that she has grasped is, again, a mirage, an illusion. Garrisons scattered along the far-flung borders of Manchuria may look like power, but if those garrisons close the entrance to the China market they merely make bankruptcy inevitable. It may seem pusillanimous for the other nations to allow Japan to seize Shanghai — or even, as it may turn out, the Yangtze valley — without doing more than register a formal protest. But those nations can well afford to accept the momentary rebuff and, by settling back and sealing up the sources of further financing, let Japan compass her own exhaustion.

Once before, at the time of the Siberian expedition, the inability of military conquest to pay its own way was finally made clear to the commercial elements in Japan. At that time these intervened to force the retreat of the expedition, vehemently as the army staff protested against the loss in prestige involved. For the time being, that lesson seems to have been forgotten. Japanese business interests are supporting the pouring of troops into Manchuria and the Yangtze valley, dazzled by the scattering of the sunrise flags over the map of the Asiatic mainland. But let the Chinese boycott continue in force for another six months. Let the financial springs of Wall Street and Threadneedle Street go dry. It will not take long once more to awaken the business interests of Japan to the fact that, in the world as it now is, military glory is commercial suicide. Out of that awakening there will come a new revolution in Japan.

But after that revolution has been won, Japan will find it a hard and bitter task to undo the harm that her granite-headed militarists have done. For power, in the modern world, must be fashioned by international coöperation out of good will. And good will is a slow growth.

Next Month — "What Germany Really Wants," by George N. Shuster

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Taxes, Taxes, Taxes!

by **JAY FRANKLIN**

TWO YEARS ago, when it was still good politics to pretend that taxes need not be increased and when our business leaders insisted that a cheerful whistle was all we needed to see us through the economic graveyard, one of our younger political economists wrote a paragraph which deserves to be written in letters of fire upon the brow of every American Secretary of the Treasury and every investor in government, state, and municipal bonds — and which will be so written unless the advice is heeded:

> The greatest challenge to scientific American government and to political engineers, great and small, is the orderly organization and simplification of our tax system. As matters stand, government simply sets up a set of toll gates at the points where money passes — estates, customs, ticket offices and the like — and takes a crack at cash in passing. We have customs duties, income taxes, excise taxes, sales and luxury taxes, entertainment taxes, inheritance taxes, poll taxes and general property taxes — all writhing together in a matted mass of conflicting jurisdictions and governmental cross-purposes.

To-day we find the American tax system in chaos. Great cities like Chicago are bankrupt. State taxes are rising. The government at Washington is down on all fours scrambling for pennies, and billions of funds are being pumped into our anæmic banking system, while hundreds of millions more are being appropriated for relief and reconstruction: relief for the victims of our own economic stupidity, reconstruction of the very system which created the victims which we are now required to relieve. Andrew Mellon had scarcely headed in the direction of the Court of St. James and the statutory satin knee-breeches, when Ogden Mills coarsely remarked that the government deficit for 1932–33 would be about half a billion dollars greater than had been expected. Mr. Mills followed up that statement with a proposal to raid the traditional source of state revenues by imposing a federal gasoline tax and to tax electric light and gas bills at the handsome rate of 7%, gross, which is considerably more than the malevolent "Power Trust" squeezes out of the helpless consumers.

A crisis in American taxation is rapidly approaching. Every governmental agency has power to tax everything within its borders, excepting imports, while the only things which the government can't tax are exports and real estate. The states and the Federal Government wrestle for the income tax and the inheritance tax, the government is going after the gasoline tax, and in the ensuing struggle for solvency the underlying cause of the disorder — the extravagant cost of American government — will be lost to sight. Congress, dragooned by fear lest the United States be forced to abandon the Gold Standard, which, together with the Holy Ghost, is the greatest mystery of modern life, is rushing through bills to attach the banking system to the tank of inflative laughing gas at the same time that it votes down measures to relieve the destitute. This is the stuff of which little revolutions are made, and when high taxes are added to the formula the Treasury experts will have their work cut out for them.

In the last thirty years the cost of American government has been multiplying out of all proportion to the growth of American wealth. Since 1900, our wealth has increased from about ninety billion dollars to about three hundred and sixty billion, an increase of 300%. In the same period the cost of Federal Government has increased from a little over half a billion to over four billion dollars, an increase of 700%. State levies on general property have increased from $725,000,000 to nearly four billion dollars, an increase of nearly 500%, and municipal taxation for all cities over 30,000 in population now amounts to well over three billion dollars. The cost of government in the United States to-day is

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around twelve billion dollars and is still rising.

The debts of government are also rising steadily. In 1902, all governmental debts amounted to less than three billion dollars. To-day they are well over thirty billions, an increase of 900%. The state debts alone increased from $235,000,000, or $2.99 per capita, in 1902, to $1,850,000,000, or $15.38 per capita, in 1929. In the twenty years from 1902 to 1922, the combined debts of all state and local governments increased from less than two billion to nearly nine billion dollars, and then they really began borrowing in a big way. Since the war, the expenditures of our cities have exceeded their revenues by at least a quarter of a billion dollars a year. In 1929, out of seventy-four cities which had a population of 100,000 and over, only nineteen had balanced their budgets. In that year, which was one of the most prosperous on record, Chicago had a deficit of $150,000,000. Here is what has been happening to the urban taxpayer, while his eyes were focused on "Coolidge economy":

CITY	PER CAPITA REVENUE		PER CAPITA COST OF ADMINISTRATION	
	1922	1929	1922	1929
New York City	$69.94	$97.07	$57.31	$73.85
Chicago	54.20	30.43	39.92	51.93
Milwaukee *	59.50	83.48	40.07	56.89
Washington **	57.27	88.12	42.03	63.19
Philadelphia	47.55	68.59	43.34	60.91
Detroit	65.53	106.24	50.10	75.94
Los Angeles	79.81	136.62	48.30	81.26
St. Louis	44.88	61.79	34.05	46.46
New Orleans	44.46	55.52	35.63	43.38

**Socialist Administration* ****Administered by Congress*

And here is the trend of the cost of state and federal government:

	PER CAPITA REVENUE		PER CAPITA COST OF ADMINISTRATION	
	1922	1927	1922	1927
States	$10.71	$14.99	$8.50	$10.30
	1922	1929	1922	1929
Federal	$38.04	$33.61	$35.13	$32.06

In other words, in a period during which the cost of the national government to the individual was being reduced by about ten per cent, and at a time when the general cost of living was substantially decreased, the cost of state government to the individual was increasing by twenty per cent and the cost of city government was mounting by approximately fifty per cent. Or, stated differently: the cost of city government, to the inhabitants of a city, was greater than the combined cost of state and national government to the same individual. For every penny saved in taxes at Washington, five cents were added to his taxes at the City Hall and State House.

Sources of Revenue

In the meantime, the government at Washington has been whoring after strange sources of revenue. At the beginning of the twentieth century, half of the government's income was derived from the tariff and half from the tax on liquor and tobacco. The same proportion continued up to 1913, when the Income Tax Amendment was adopted and gave to Washington the money which later encouraged it to fight a World War. In 1919, the government burned its bridges and threw away the liquor revenue by adopting the Eighteenth Amendment. To-day, half of our revenue comes from the income tax and the other half from customs, tobacco taxes, and other miscellaneous sources dear to the statistician.

The new Mellon-Mills tax proposals recommend increases of the income tax, of the surtax, and lowering of exemptions; taxes on entertainments costing more than ten cents, on automobiles and trucks, on automobile accessories, radios, telephone and telegraph service, gas, electricity, and gasoline, with other little increases all along the line, which are calculated to take the heart out of the municipal tax collector and to infuriate the individual taxpayer. At the same time, the government has thrown the burden of unemployment relief — and there are over eight million unemployed at this writing — onto local agencies, which means, in practice, that the governments of our states and cities are given a burden thrice as great as that which drove the British Government off the Gold Standard.

All of this is absolutely necessary under our system of government. Three successive budgets show a gross federal deficit of over four and a half billion dollars for the period 1930–33. This means that the government must borrow money and that its credit will not be good unless it makes an honest effort to meet its obligations and avoid unnecessary expenditures. The military defense of the United States costs close to a billion a year and cannot be reduced at a time when Japan is making *banzai* in the Far East. The interest and sinking fund of the public debt costs about a billion

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dollars more, and that cannot be abandoned. The Veterans cost another billion a year, and that leaves only a billion more with which to relieve the farmer, subsidize shipping, pay the Post Office to operate at a loss, and conduct the dignified and more or less expensive operations of the government in behalf of the business men, the labor unions, and the enforcement of prohibition.

A side-splitting burlesque of responsible government was recently staged at Washington when the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives voted to reduce the appropriations of every single one of the executive departments, which perform the real as opposed to the socialistic purposes of government in a democracy, and even slashed the vital State Department Emergency Fund, and then refused to remove a dollar from the millions required to enforce the prohibition law, which is a measure standing between the government and a revenue which has been estimated up to a billion dollars a year in taxes on liquor. If there were ever any justification in tax resistance, it lies in such acts as this.

And it will go on and on and on. The Democrats will be glad to compel the Republicans to raise direct taxes on the eve of a Presidential election. The Republicans will try to put the black spot on the Democrats. Neither party will muster the moral courage to say "No!" to the farmers, the bankers, the railroads, the shipping interests, the veterans, the manufacturers, or the prohibitionists, each with its own special brand of the "gimmes," each out for itself and shouting "dole!" at the other fellow. The poor and the unemployed must be fed at the expense of the states and cities. Debts must be paid and credit maintained, and everybody will engage in a mad scramble for cash with which to pay taxes, while every official agency in the nation will wrestle with the others to get first cut at the tax register. Income taxes will mount higher and higher and popular discontent will become sullen and stupefied by the constant demands for money and the difficulty of getting it, while Moscow will have its first hearty laugh since Lenin died.

Here is an opportunity for a financial Hercules with authority. It is, rather, a task for a Presidential Commission, to study, analyze, compare, and make binding recommendations — recommendations to which the Administration and both Parties are pledged in advance — for the reform of our tax system. Its recommendations when enacted must have the force of a Constitutional Amendment and must clarify and simplify this revolting mess to which we have been reduced by our national desire to let George do it when it comes to laying or paying the taxes.

As matters stand, no one man, however great, can hope to amass, let alone understand, the multiplicity of data which is involved in this problem. Much of it is not even available to the Federal Government. The most expert of our actuaries and statisticians will have to work hard and long if they are going to make any appreciable improvement upon the present system. However, one major set of principles should underlie all their work: the elimination of the present conflict of tax jurisdictions and the imposition of taxes which will be subtracted from the national income rather than utilized to swell the cost of living.

Order from Chaos

So far as a layman may enter this field with suggestions, the following division of sources of revenue appears just and reasonable:

1. Federal Revenues: Income tax, estate tax, customs duties, tobacco tax, liquor tax, tax on corporations and goods in interstate commerce.

2. State Revenues: Gasoline and other consumption taxes, licenses (automobiles), and, if necessary, a definite *pro rata* share of the income and estate taxes collected by the Federal Government.

3. County, Municipal, and Township Revenues: Poll tax, general property tax, direct assessments for improvements, school taxes, *etc.*

So far as the character of taxation is involved, it is evident that the graduated income tax, which now operates as a piece of class legislation (only 2,411,000 individuals were liable to the tax out of the 45,000,000 gainfully employed Americans in 1930) and which has failed in its purpose of transferring wealth from the classes to the masses (the concentration of wealth in a few hands has been accelerated during the operation of this law) should be applied to *all incomes at the source*, through the imposition of appropriate pay-roll,

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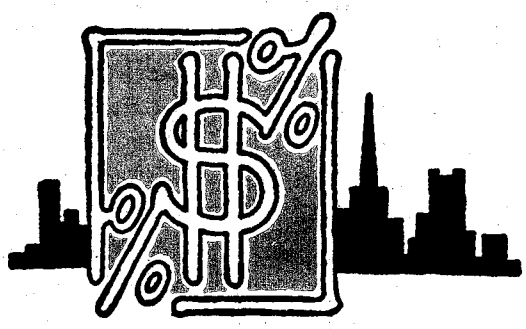
dividend, and other taxes. The present system of individual and corporate returns, if retained as a social weapon, should be regarded as a surtax pure and simple, and used to retire the public debt.

Taxation should, so far as possible, be kept direct and open, a plain advertisement of the cost of government to the individual. The index of the cost of living and the wage scale is useless so far as the mass of our people are concerned. They must be directly reminded that cost of government is part, over 10%, of the cost of living.

In the third place, no appropriation over and above the budget should be constitutional or valid unless the measure prescribes in detailed and adequate terms the source of the additional revenue which will serve that appropriation.

And finally, financial responsibility for government should devolve upon the individual. If the Federal Government defaults an obligation, it should automatically become an obligation of the several states of the Union, pro rated on the basis of their contributions to the Federal Treasury in federal tax collections; if the states default, the obligation should automatically devolve upon the counties and municipalities on the basis of their general property valuations; if counties or municipalities default, the obligation should devolve on the individual residents of those sub-divisions of government, and it should be made legal and mandatory for the state or, if necessary, the Federal Government to levy proportional taxes, on a general property basis, to recover the funds necessary to meet the obligation. In no other way can the individual American citizens be compelled to scrutinize expenditures and debts contracted by their governments. In no other way can the unity of the national credit be maintained during the coming period of repudiation and default.

These matters are not subjects which can be settled by the stroke of a pen or by the assembly of a few succulent and partial statistics. It is a job for the greatest and most disinterested of social reformers and financial experts. It is a full time job for several years for our best men in this specialized and intricate field. What is needed is a man of the caliber of a Baruch, or a Holmes, or a Turgot, who will bring order and reason into a chaotic welter of cross-purposes and rival political authorities. We shall want the testimony and advice of billionaires, of social economists, of radical reformers, of plain practical business men, and of experienced tax collectors. It is the greatest, if the most thankless, service which any President or party could render to this country. Two years ago it would have been utterly impossible. To-day, with the real crisis upon us, it is an urgent necessity. Otherwise, the authority and stability of government in the United States will go by default in the face of a wild clamor for funds for the farmer, funds for the veteran, funds for the unemployed, funds for nice new courthouses, and municipal henchmen. If the present trend of disorganization and irresponsibility is not reversed, the sooner we scrap our entire form of government the better for us all.



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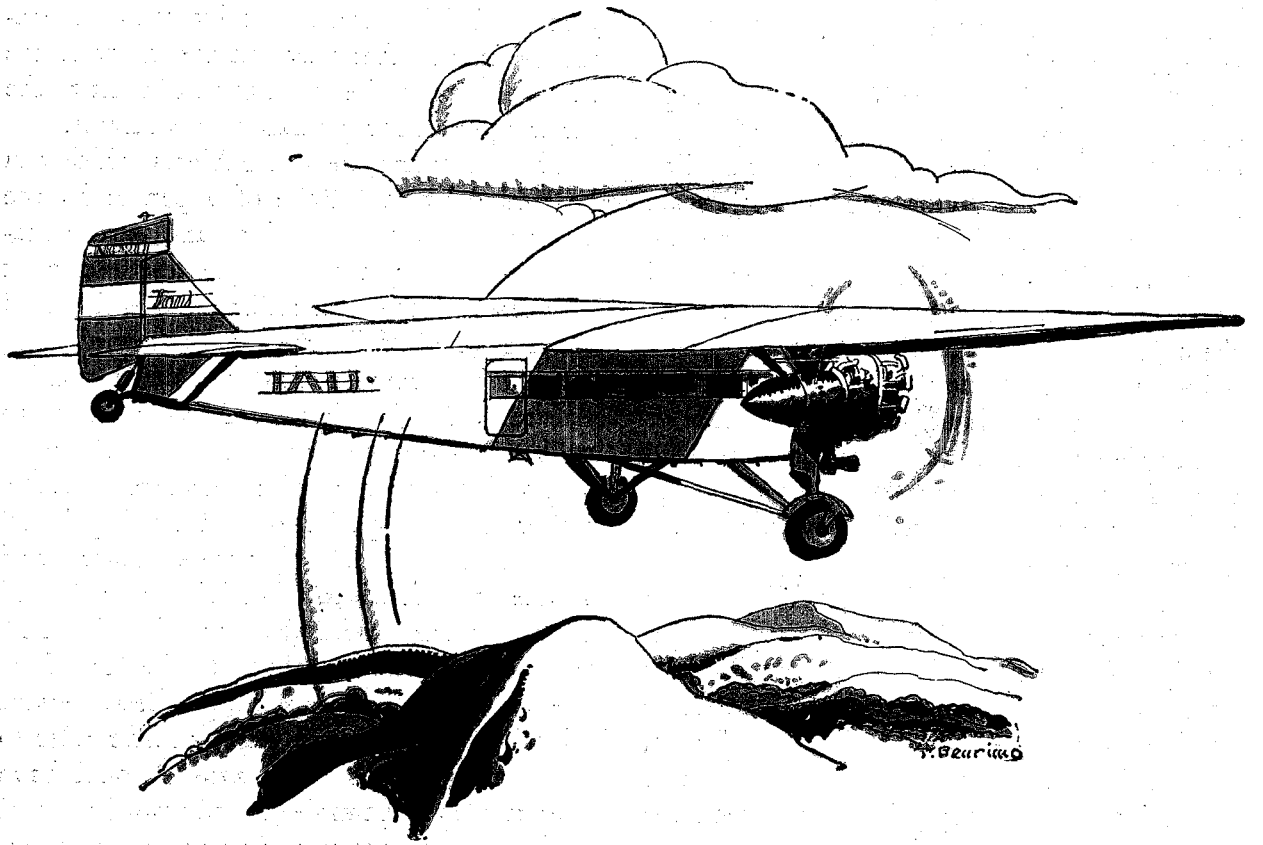
Safety in Air Transport



by **CASEY JONES**

I HAVE flown more than half a million miles. During the past fifteen years I have served as a pilot with the military forces at home and in France, have trained hundreds of students, operated commercial flying in all its branches, tested new planes, flown in races, and ridden on most of the country's air lines. I am familiar with the problems and dangers of flying and am not easily disturbed. In fact I can qualify, as they say in court, as an "expert" air traveler.

Recently I was making a flight from Chicago to Cleveland on a line operated by one of the transport companies. I had heard, at that time, about an article published in the February FORUM ("Death by Air Transport," by Lloyd S. Graham) which was causing comment in the aviation industry. I purchased a copy before boarding the plane and stuck it in my pocket to read en route. There it remained while the pilot revved up each of his three motors to see that they were functioning properly and, on signal from the flagman, gave her the gun and we were off. After that I became interested in noting the route the pilot would follow, spied an incoming air liner traveling fast and low with a tail wind, and spent some time explaining to a lady seated ahead of me that we were climbing to an altitude of more than 8000 feet to take advantage of a tail wind there instead of bucking the head wind that was blowing near the ground. Consequently we were two miles up over the tip of Lake Michigan when I got out my FORUM and turned to Mr. Graham's article.

The first page was good reading, describing the start of an air journey — in fact, it might have been an account of our own departure from Chicago fifteen minutes earlier. Reading on, however, I found my hair literally standing on end. After a series of unwise decisions, breath-taking escapes, and lugubrious regrets

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on the part of the pilots, the plane, finally out of gas, plunges into the clouds, pulls off its wings, and the finale, left to the imagination of the reader, isn't intended to be pleasant. As a picture of what might happen to an air transport operated by men who were deliberately disobeying known regulations covering conduct in bad weather, flown from an airport where there had been no time to get accurate weather reports to another whose radio equipment had got out of order, with a gas reserve lower than any sane company would countenance, those first paragraphs are probably true enough; and as an introduction to a plea for compulsory installation of parachutes on air transports, they are masterly. But they are certainly not a fair or a reasonable presentation of the facts.

The temptation to hand the FORUM article to the lady ahead was great, but I decided that if I did there would probably be, if not an outright death by air transport, at least an inconvenient swoon because of a sensational article written about it. I remembered the fright of a friend who, as the plane in which he was taking his first flight left the ground, opened the detective story with which he hoped to soothe himself and read the first line — "I have one minute to live!" If Mr. Graham's paper affected me, a seasoned air traveler, what would it do to anyone who uses or plans to use the air and who does not know the truth? *Are* air transports unsafe because they are not equipped with parachutes? That is the question which I want to try to answer.

SAFETY, FIRST AND LAST

THE DETERMINATION for safety in the operation of a modern air transport begins the instant pencil is laid to a sheet of paper in the engineering department of an aëronautical manufacturing company, and it is the overwhelming principle down through all the succeeding considerations of structural perfection, motor efficiency, routes, landing fields, lighting, radio, weather reporting, training of personnel, and so on.

No industry has ever voluntarily subjected itself to such rigid governmental supervision as has aviation. The Aëronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce was established in 1926 by Congressional action in order to "regulate and promote" aviation in all its aspects. During the next five years an exacting set of rules, covering every phase of airplane construction and operation, was worked out between the Department and the industry. Before a ship is built, the plans are subjected to a searching stress-analysis by trained engineers and approved in detail by the Department. During the process of construction every part is given a rigid physical test and must come up to the required specifications. The same degree of engineering skill that has made possible such structures as the Empire State Building and the Holland Tunnel creates and makes practical the modern airplane.

Twelve years ago there was no commercial aviation — no landing fields, no transport equipment, no weather reports or radio, few instruments; nothing but an ambitious group of flyers who were out of jobs and saw financial possibilities in flying, and a few people down in Washington who felt that aviation as an industry must be supported if only for future use in national defense. Simmering in the minds of a certain few was the idea of flying mail. Finally the Post Office Department took the initiative and established the air mail, first between New York and Washington, then between New York and San Francisco, flying only by day. Later, part of the run was lighted and the night mail came into being.

The Post Office Department entered into this venture experimentally, intending to turn it over to private operators if it proved a success. It was successful, and so came the task of finding operators. In 1923–24 capital was showing little interest in commercial aviation — in fact, an exceeding lack of interest. Eventually, however, one of the principal lines attracted backers, not because they expected to make even a normal return on their money but because they felt it was a public-spirited thing to do. Some of the lines were a drug on the market; the Department actually had to go out begging different groups to take contracts. Then, to everybody's surprise, the things started to make money. The volume of air mail had increased far more rapidly than anyone anticipated so that, at three dollars a pound (the rate contracted for in most instances), the operators were sitting pretty. But they didn't want passengers with all the changes and new problems they would entail; they were frank about it. So 1925 passed and

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still no passenger lines had been organized.

But the march of progress cannot be stayed. Even while the efficiency of the air mail was being recognized and developed, distance and endurance flights were offering glimpses of still greater opportunities inherent in this latest mode of transportation. People went abroad, made use of Europe's extensive air network, and came home asking embarrassing questions; trans-oceanic flights and their attendant publicity centered national attention on aviation; and last, but not least, the public at that time had lots of money and was in the mood for investing it. Furthermore, the volume of air mail had been increasing steadily, which was very nice for the operator at three dollars a pound but rather expensive for the Post Office Department. It was evident to everybody that the carrying of passengers along with the mail would reduce the expense of both.

Washington finally realized that some support of American aviation was a matter of sound common sense, and that airplane manufacturing, the new infant industry, was in a bad way. The result was the appointment of the Morrow board to investigate the situation, and later the creation of Departments of Air in the Army, the Navy, and the Department of Commerce. To insure the manufacturers a continuity of orders, the Five-Year Program was laid down. As for passenger traffic — well, that looked more feasible now that the Post Office Department, desiring to revise the mail contracts on a more economical and equitable basis, was urging its establishment. Recognizing the trend of affairs, the same groups that had supported aviation through the trying period up to 1926 felt that they must shoulder the responsibility of another pioneering job — the organization of the passenger lines.

It was my good fortune to be one of three men appointed by one of these groups to a technical committee, of which Charles A. Lindbergh was chairman. I was sent abroad. Equipment, personnel, routes, traffic handling, airports — even such a matter as the cause and prevention of air sickness — were exhaustively investigated and studied in the light of European experience and practice, naturally far greater than our own. After a year of such preliminary work and consultation with all sorts of experts, the embryonic passenger line felt that it was at last in a position to formulate definite policies of operation.

We considered, first, the matter of equipment. Every argument for economical operation pointed to the use of single motors. Ships were available that could carry six or seven people — the maximum load we would get, at least at first — at a price of approximately $15,000. At that time the records of the air mail showed that the chance of motor failure from mechanical causes was once to every 100,000 miles (the figure is now once to every 500,000), and the possibilities of such failure occurring over terrain too bad to attempt a safe landing were remote. But — we bought multi-motored ships at a cost of $60,000 apiece; in other words, we paid four times the price to carry less than twice the load, with a proportionately larger operating cost. Why? For increased safety.

It would have been possible to run the line without an elaborate system of weather reports; we had all been flying for years without them. But such a system was set up, with hundreds of trained observers and an expensive teletype installation for quickest possible transmission.

Radio, too, was not absolutely necessary; but we wanted it — for safety — and spent thousands of dollars experimenting and many more thousands for final installations. Millions, literally, were spent to provide the best and safest in airports, landing, and emergency fields.

But we didn't buy parachutes. Too costly, implies Mr. Graham.

Why No Parachutes?

The reason that air transports didn't install parachutes was that no parachute had been sufficiently developed to make its use in a transport practical. It just couldn't be done. I feel I can state here authoritatively that if such parachutes had been available, the first air liners would have been equipped with them, even before the money for some of the other safety devices had been spent.

Now, however, after four years of operating without them, let us see what experience shows in the light of actual knowledge gained from the accidents that have happened. For three and a half years of scheduled air mail, passenger, and express operations, ending in June, 1931, and covering 93,000,000 miles, there

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were — according to Department of Commerce figures — 375 accidents of all kinds. Only 49 of these were fatal, resulting in the deaths of 64 passengers and 43 pilots. From January to June, 1930, there was one passenger fatality to every 474,928 miles flown; from July to December, 1930, one to every 543,294 miles; from January to June, 1931, one to every 709,550 miles. Of the 49 fatal accidents, only 21 involved passengers, the other 28 occurring in the carrying of the mail. Thus more than half of the fatal accidents happened to pilots who *were wearing parachutes at the time!*

Of the 21 accidents resulting in passenger fatality, the most searching and honest analysis indicates only one instance where parachutes would undoubtedly have saved lives and one other instance where they *might* have. In the first case a military ship doing stunts around an air liner collided with it at a high altitude; three passengers and two pilots were killed. In the second instance, the Rockne accident, in which six passengers and two pilots were involved, eye-witness testimony shows that difficulty serious enough to warrant abandoning the ship and taking to parachutes was encountered at an altitude too low for their effective use. While it is true that lives have been saved with chutes from an altitude as low as 150 feet, the acknowledged minimum is 500 feet, and even the most enthusiastic supporter would bank on nothing less.

Accidents are expensive in the loss of material and personnel, the falling off of business, and probable damage suits. In view of all this, and in view of the millions already spent, it is preposterous to insinuate as does Mr. Graham that "the transport operators will not admit that they have made a definite agreement among themselves not to go into the expense of parachutes, and to oppose aggressively any legislation which may force them to provide parachutes." The insinuation that the Department of Commerce has conspired with the operators in refusing to require chutes is equally ridiculous. The Department does require parachutes for certain types of flying, and why it should discriminate except for excellent reasons is beyond me.

Let us refer to Mr. Graham's statistics on air accidents in which parachutes were used. He states that the largest number of these crashes, 29.46%, were caused by control failure. But the published figures of the Department of Commerce fail to show a single control failure in the three and a half years of scheduled air line operations! Mr. Graham includes in this 29.46% planes that refused to come out of spins when controls jammed, and while this particular kind of failure is not listed separately by the Department, the total number of accidents in scheduled operations, fatal and non-fatal, attributed to spins with or without motor failure during three and a half years, was only 9 in 375, or 2.4%. And 4 of the 9 occurred in 1928.

Mr. Graham also says that structural failure caused 20.67% of the jumps. The Department's figures for the 375 accidents listed attribute only slightly over 12% to structural failure and further analysis shows that all of these — with the exception of less than ½ of 1%, which resulted from wing, brace, or strut failure — were due to failure of the undercarriage, wheels, tires, or brakes. Of what advantage a parachute would be in these cases is a mystery. For my part, even with the landing gear gone, I would still prefer to stick to the ship rather than take to the chute.

Again I quote Mr. Graham's figures. "Collision . . . always a hazard of the air, caused 66 jumps, or 17.05%." What does the Department of Commerce say about scheduled operations collisions? It says that there was just one Class A collision — that is, a collision in full flight with other aircraft (that which has already been mentioned); and 47 Class B collisions — that is, collisions in full flight with objects other than aircraft, such as trees, poles, mountains, and so on. In other words, in transport flying only one collision occurred where chutes could have been used.

"Fire caused 28 jumps" — thus Mr. Graham. The Department records only 6 transport fires in the air during the three and a half years, none of which resulted in the loss of passengers as far as can be learned.

And so down the list. Assuming that Mr. Graham's figures are correct, and I have no reason to doubt them, why do I take objection to them? For this reason. They are obtained largely from statistics concerning the Caterpillar Club, an organization whose candidates become eligible when they save their lives by using a parachute; these jumps have occurred

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in every branch of flying — military, naval, commercial, pleasure, testing, racing, stunting. To apply these figures to transport operations is obviously unjust and misleading.

Parachutes in the Army

To argue further that because all military air services have made parachutes regulation equipment, the transports should be legislated into doing the same is childish. Military flying, discounting any possibility of being actually shot down, is infinitely more hazardous than straight passenger carrying. At the same time the military flyer, mind and muscle trained to act quickly, has an infinitely better chance of making good use of a parachute in his open ship than any passenger could have in a transport plane. Everything points to the wisdom of obligatory parachutes — for the army.

If precedent is to be held up to our legislators, what about the universal practice of the other air lines of the world? England, France, Germany, Holland, and other European countries operated passenger lines long before we entered the field and have established enviable records for safety. Not one of them has adopted the use of parachutes. Perhaps they also are parties to the alleged conspiracy.

Right here I should like to introduce one or two thoughts disturbing to the complacency of those who want to see parachutes legislated into transport use — prematurely. In the past most of our serious accidents have occurred when the planes were trying to fly with a ceiling lower than 500 feet. Within the past year it has been made unlawful to carry passengers at anything under that altitude, but even so an overambitious or overconfident pilot will, every so often, try to get through. Here, as has happened throughout the whole history of transportation, the human error will creep in to upset the best laid plans and regulations for safety. Now, give a pilot the added confidence that parachutes are tucked away for an emergency and he will probably try it more often.

What about those who have made chute jumps and have been killed, who, had they stuck to the ship, would have been saved? I personally know of three such cases and there must be many more. One pilot in testing a ship got into a flat spin, attempted to jump, and was knocked unconscious by the wing: he never even got a chance to open the chute. The ship spun to the ground, it is true, but the cockpit remained practically intact and he unquestionably would have got off with very minor injuries.

During the period of three and a half years to which the figures of the Department of Commerce refer, there were sixteen jumps in scheduled operations with one fatality. All were made by persons familiar with flying, young, and in good physical condition, so their chance of using a chute effectively was far greater than that of the average passenger. Furthermore, they were usually alone in open ships and there was no added danger from crowding, panic, or refusal to obey an order. The transport pilot is aware of all this, and is aware too that the responsibility of ordering passengers to jump must rest on him alone. Naturally he would want to delay decision until in his judgment there was no further apparent chance with the ship. On the other hand, that decision must be made in plenty of time if, as Mr. Graham observes, the jumps are to be effected in "comparative leisure." The decision is a delicate one at best. It is easily possible that the wrong guess in ordering the chutes would result in greater disaster than sticking with the ship. I firmly believe from a study of the accidents that have occurred so far that the chutes should have been ordered in only one instance.

It is such considerations that have swayed transport operators, rather than any thought of expense. Parachute manufacturers are steadily improving their product with transport use in mind, and the government is conducting constructive experiments in dropping cabins and entire planes. It is quite possible that a practical emergency method of bringing passengers to the ground safely when all else fails will be developed from these ideas. But parachutes have not been, and are not now, required on air transports because, in the opinion of unprejudiced experts who are in a position to know, the disadvantages still outweigh the advantages.

In an Early Issue — "What's Wrong with Women's Colleges"

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Psycho-analyzing the Depression

by **W. BÉRAN WOLFE, M.D.**

NATIONS react to calamity exactly as individuals. Any national disaster is likely to produce national reactions comparable to those generated by the breakdown of a romantic life-formula in an adolescent confronted with his first frustration by reality. The sole difference that might be expected logically is the difference in the degree and variety of the symptoms. The child who must relinquish his belief in Santa Claus makes one specific, individual, and characteristic neurotic response. The nation, being a congeries of such individuals, is more likely to display the entire gamut of neurotic devices simultaneously and in every degree of intensity. Psychological examination of the effects of the depression on the average American demonstrates the truth of this conclusion.

From the point of view of human reactions, the current depression signalizes a breakdown of the most respected clichés of American thought. The average American is imbued with an uncritical belief in the eternal rightness of all things American. No American army has ever been bested in any important encounter. Big Business, with all that the phrase implies, has always been considered as right as God and the Constitution. American independence, self-sufficiency, and isolation have never been questioned, while American speed, sports, technical developments, advertisements, and our scale of living in general are the standards of the world.

The depression has cast grave doubts on the validity of many of these beliefs, and proved others utterly incredible and unreliable. For the first time in history, healthy Americans of native stock are starving in the midst of plenty. The vaunted "splendid isolation" and the time-honored detachment of American diplomacy have become untenable principles. Big Business, the last of the American idols to expose its clay feet, has been unmasked as a fraud and a delusion. Men who have never questioned the belief that hard work, honesty, and the investment of one's savings in "sound" stocks and bonds would eventually guarantee a comfortable security, are wearily pounding the streets in search of a job. Others who have retained their jobs have developed a panicky slave-morality toward their employers. And to cap the climax, the luxuries and comforts of American living, which have become an almost universal tradition, have completely collapsed. The never-before-questioned rightness of unrestrained competitive individualism has proved itself a fatal boomerang. The great American myth has been exploded.

The effect of this collapse on the average American man and woman has been almost identical with the collapse of a romantic notion in the life plan of a blustering, overly aggressive adolescent. The bewildered child who learns for the first time that Easter bunnies do not lay Easter eggs and that the stork does not bring babies is the psychological model of the behavior of the average American in the current depression. The adolescent who discovers that the God to whom he has been praying all his life is not universally accredited, or the college graduate who discovers in his first month of business that a Bachelor's degree from his Alma Mater is not a *carte blanche* to business success, exhibits the same devastating doubt and discouragement that the psychiatrist finds in the average American of the present day. And perhaps the best parallel is to be found in the case of the romantic youth who falls in love with the girl of his dreams. He marries her amid a fanfare of trumpets and a barrage of rice and old shoes in the most acceptable and traditional fashion, only to find

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after a brief honeymoon that his wife cannot budget the family accounts, cannot cook a humble meal, demands an excess of romantic affection, and is a cry-baby to boot.

Reactions Toward Depression

When a romantically adolescent individual is confronted with an unpleasant reality there are ten neurotic courses open to him — and one normal one. In the neurotic categories he may

1. Admit his failure, but continue in his old habits and beliefs on the theory that his present failure is an exception to the rule of his former successes. Such an individual usually redoubles his efforts in the same fallacious manner, hopeful to the end that his unique logic will be vindicated. He may refuse to admit the existence of the difficulty and continue to reiterate his time-worn mottoes and beliefs in the manner of the much maligned ostrich.

2. He may embark upon a career of hectic hedonism and attempt to find solace in the mad pursuit of pleasures and diversions. This strategy follows on the unconscious admission of complete defeat and the equally unconscious breakdown of all hope for the future.

3. He may seek supernatural aid to help him out of his difficulties.

4. He may refuse to accept his own responsibility for his failure, and search for a scapegoat on whose unwilling back he may unload his own shortcomings.

5. He may become suddenly panic-stricken, forget his sense of proportion, and commit suicide.

6. He may develop a martyr complex, and indulge himself in an orgy of self-pity, self-castigation, and self-humiliation. Remorse and penance are variations of this complex.

7. He may attempt to propitiate the unfriendly fates by minor acts of sacrifice, without any true insight into the nature of his situation.

8. He may submit meekly to the insults of destiny because he is so burdened with a guilt complex derived from an authoritarian education that he knows no other course.

9. He may develop a paranoid hatred for the particular situation he holds accountable for his misfortunes, and spend his energy in futile fuming, cursing, and gnashing of teeth, without actually doing anything about it.

10. He may set up a side show in which frantic activity seems to distract the attention of the onlooker from his own plight. Here he may bolster his self-esteem by recounting the glories of his past and pointing to the greater difficulties of his neighbors.

And finally, in the category of mature reactions, he may study his failure objectively, understand the factors that led to his debacle, and begin his training toward the prevention of similar disasters in the future. Needless to say, this latter course is the only one consistent with future success, sanity, and happiness.

In the first category of neurotic responses we find "100 percenters" who cannot admit that the depression is anything out of the ordinary. Their thought processes are so benumbed by old bromides that it is practically impossible for them to conceive an American failure. Their only course is to redouble their efforts in the good old direction toward international snobbery, the deification of individualism. They continue to raise the tariff walls and avert their glances from starving miners, musicians, engineers, and teachers. "Prosperity," one of the great American myths, is "just around the corner" for them. The depression is just a bad dream. "America always comes out on top," they say. "We've had depressions before and always came out of them. Just let things take their natural courses." This philosophy seldom emanates from those who are vitally touched by untoward effects of depression. It comes from well-fed men and women entrenched in relatively strong positions. They can afford to minimize the depression. They have their incomes, a roof over their heads, and usually an automobile in their garage.

In the second category, however, we find that discouragement has appeared and a definitely neurotic pattern of life is assumed. The depression is admitted in all its drab horror, and an attitude of complete hopelessness pervades the individual's outlook of the future. Men and women of this group act as if they were dancing on the rim of an active and grumbling volcano. The debacle may come at any time. Therefore, seize the day and make merry, for to-morrow you are likely to find yourself in the municipal lodging house, or panhandling on Main Street. The artificial

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narcosis of alcohol, morphine, night clubs, and of sexual excesses offers immediate surcease from the tragic disillusion of the present. The immediate pleasure of intoxication is not only a flight from reality: it becomes the ultimate goal of existence for men and women in this category. As in the first category, this escape mechanism has obviously struthious characteristics. We may expect an increase in drunkenness, drug addiction, jazzmania, and sexual delinquency as a consequence of this type of reaction, not only for the duration of the depression, but long after it has passed.

The third type of neurotic response is closely associated with the second group. In this instance we find grown men and women, many of whom have had the advantages of college educations, men and women who have been successful during the boom days, in frantic search for new magical formulas because their sense of humor has been completely undermined by the failure of their erstwhile magic. The hankering for magic is deeply rooted in the human breast. And when the neurotic loses confidence in the magic of the dollar, he is very likely to seek the magic of the astrologer, the numerologist, the phrenologist, the fortune-teller, the mystic, the spiritualist, and the faith healer. Unbelievably large sums are spent in the United States every year for the spurious advice of these pseudo-scientific gentry. Bank presidents who have lost their intestinal fortitude check their critical faculties and sit like little children listening to the babble of suave oracles, who know nothing of economics but a great deal about the gullibility of men. There is no more distressing spectacle than this sorry picture of ignorance, timidity, superstition, and spinelessness. There will be no depression for the astrologers and numerologists as long as "Big Business" executives consult witches and wizards instead of textbooks on economics, history, and political science, sociology, and modern psychology for counsel.

In the fourth category of neurotic reactions to the depression we find the ancient and honorable cult of devil-chasing and scape-goat-baiting enthroned in all its pristine pomp. During the Middle Ages when men believed fervently in the Devil, it was a relatively simple matter to blame Satan for all human shortcomings and every miscarriage of human plans and desires. When Spain was going through its great depression in the fifteenth century, the Jews were the scapegoat, and their expulsion became an act of highest piety. The tendency to find a scapegoat for our failures is almost as deeply ingrained in our unconscious minds as the desire for magical panaceas. And, just as we might have expected in a country whose most pious beliefs have been shattered, we find the sport of devil-chasing centered in the mass hysteria of Bolshevik-baiting. Those terrible Russians! They are responsible for all our misery and misfortune. The tragi-comic spectacle of New York City's police beating up defiant young Communists with a yearning for martyrdom, as well as the ultimate clowning of Congressional investigations of Communist activities, are eloquent evidence of the popularity of the scapegoat-baiting technique of meeting the realities of the depression.

The fifth group of reactions are among the most tragic of those that have developed in the present situation. These are the suicides. The tragedy in the suicide inheres not so much in the actual loss of life, deplorable as this may be in itself, but in the tragic fallacy of the underlying technique of life. One of the most revered myths in America is the fiction that money is power. Probably more worshipers are to be found at the shrine of Mammon in this country than in any other in the world. Even those who do not worship directly before the golden calf often believe implicitly in the power of American bankers and money to control the destinies of the world and, indirectly, to keep the American worker's standards of living the highest in the world. It is not surprising, therefore, that so many Americans have devoted themselves whole-heartedly and with unique singleness of purpose to the acquisition of money. The great majority of Americans probably consider a fat bank account and happiness synonymous. The sudden deflation of these artificial standards of happiness has left the deluded and one-sided devotees of money in desperate straits. Financial deflation spells mental bankruptcy for them. Suicide appears as the only emergency exit to those who have lost their courage completely and have developed only a single technique of life. Those who are left behind are forced to bear the additional burdens of the suicide's

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demise plus the accrued heartache of a sense of guilt for the implied responsibility of his failure.

The Martyr Complex

In the sixth category we find one of the commonest neurotic reactions that have developed since the stock market crash of 1929: a spurious martyr-complex. Visitors who came to America from harassed Central European countries where the populations have suffered and faced depression far more intense than any we have ever known in the United States are amazed at the American talk about depression. This neurotic reaction has definitely become the vogue. Certainly it has become the commonest excuse for every conceivable unsocial act, from the sweating of employees to the enforced exaction of contributions from already overburdened and underpaid workers. A psychological pall has settled over the whole country. In sections where business has not been abnormally affected, the extension of the pessimistic bleatings of other sections has served to develop a veritable anxiety neurosis. The depression has disclosed the fact that the American nation which has always prided itself on its good sportsmanship and on its ability to be a good loser is actually a nation of panicky crybabies. As a nation we are good sports when we are winning everything in sight. We developed the delusion that we could never lose. Such delusions are psychologically disastrous. The depression has shown up the average American as a superstitious, socially maladjusted, politically naïve, economically unawakened, psychologically immature adolescent crying for the lost lollypop of prosperity, and pathetically incapable of doing anything fundamental or constructive about it.

In the seventh category fall those goodhearted Americans who listen to the appeals of the various emergency relief institutions and dig generously into their pockets to help the unemployed, at the same time remaining ignorant of the deeper implications of the present social cataclysm. These good people feel they have done their bit when they have contributed to their local charities, and allow the matter to end there. It is as if they propitiated the avenging furies with the small coin of charity, and then retreated into the fastnesses of their own little egos. Charity without insight is worse than useless. In this category of reactions we find the apotheosis of social *laissez-faire*.

In the eighth important classification we must put the unemployed, the college and technical graduates who cannot get a job, and the workers who, despite willingness to work, can find only a partial occupation or are compelled to do menial work instead of the technical work they are trained to do. The disintegrating effects of long periods of unemployment on the human psyche are not usually recognized outside the domain of psychiatrists, social workers, and relief agencies. Psychologically the most interesting phenomenon of our current difficulties is the complete meekness and the unbelievable acquiescence and submission of the American workers out of a job. Just as the Army Intelligence Tests in the war taught us that we were a nation of morons, so the depression has taught us we are a nation of masochists. The European worker out of a job usually demands political action. The unemployed American sits at home, listens to his radio if he has not been dispossessed, stands humbly in a bread line, applies apologetically to a social agency for relief and, if refused, submits to the most intolerable human indignities. Slave morality has grown apace and is found not only among the panic-stricken jobholder who lives in terror lest he lose his job, but even more so among the unemployed who exhibit not the least trace of rebellion at their condition.

The mass masochism of the American worker out of a job is doubtless the product of our authoritarian education. Our schools place a premium on obedience and conformity, rather than on independence of thought and judgment. If our workers had been taught to be more resourceful, certain pernicious psychological effects of unemployment would have been considerably ameliorated. Just as this same authoritarian education with its overemphasis on "practical" matters has led to nervous breakdowns and neuroses among the well-to-do, who have experienced a compulsory spiritual bankruptcy when confronted with the reality of an existence without affluence, so, among the workers, the identical one-sided education has affected a veritable mass neurosis of discouragement and despair. We are just

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beginning to feel the effects of this spineless submission now. The next twenty years, however, will show the terrific costs of our lack of social vision. Insane asylums and jails will be overcrowded, and the available mental hygiene facilities, hopelessly inadequate in times of prosperity, will be pathetically overcrowded in future years when the children who are experiencing the devastating effects of the breakdown of morale in the parents to-day will, themselves, have to face the problems of to-morrow. It requires no far-sighted prophet to picture the disintegration of these stunted minds and bodies ten, fifteen, and twenty years from to-day. Physical want and privation are the easily visible consequences of the depression. The effects of fear, of loss of self-confidence, of discouragement, of continued submission and masochism are to be counted as the more serious consequences of the depression. They are the liabilities which future generations will have to shoulder.

In the ninth category of reactions we may classify all those whom psychiatrists would consider more or less paranoid. The depression-paranoiacs are incensed because they have been jolted out of their equanimity, and their chief reactions are hate and anger toward those who have not suffered so much from the depression, or toward those who seem to the paranoiac responsible for his discomfiture. On the one hand we have the explosive Communists who believe that bombs are a solution to social problems, and on the other hand the fanatic monomaniacs who believe that the depression was ordered in the Soviet councils. The search for panaceas is in the same category. There are large groups of Americans who believe that the return of three per cent beer, a bigger navy, or subsidy of the farmers will magically lift the entire depression. Others feel that the wholesale deportation of all foreigners would accomplish the same results. Still others clamor for bimetallism, a new President, or even a dictator. Preachers call on their flocks to return to the Golden Rule, and college professors pray for a return to the classics. They belong to the army of cranks, eccentrics, micro-paranoiacs seeking for magic formulas.

The tenth category of reactions comprises all those side show activities designed to divert our attention from the gravity of the present social crisis. Men and women who regard the inflation period as a pleasant dream, and resign themselves to the present situation as if this were the ordinary expected course of events, belong in this group, as do their neighbors who exonerate the breakdown of American ideals and institutions by pointing with questionable pride to the world-wide demoralization of competitive individualism, with the unspoken corollary, "Well, we are not so badly off. The poor Germans are in a worse plight!" The recounting of the past glories of American history likewise falls into this side show category. The truth is, no matter how busy we are in our interest in the artificial importance of sports, prize-fighting, the breakdown of other nations, we cannot hide the fact that we are, ourselves, confronted with a demoralizing bankruptcy, a complete invalidation of formerly unquestioned shibboleths.

Facing the Music

So much for the black side of the picture. There remains an important category of consequences and reactions that promises a "normalizing tendency." The depression has opened the eyes of many Americans who in the past have been contented to dismiss the matter of social responsibility with that pet phrase "the poor we have always with us." It has demonstrated the fact that all employed men are not panhandlers, and it has shown all too clearly how utterly insecure the American worker is in his job, how dependent on the caprice of his employer. This widening of social horizons and intensification of interest in the problems of other workers and other sections and types of Americans can be put down as one of the indubitable benefits from the depression. This is the normal reaction of an individual who has come face to face with an insuperable obstacle, and analyzes his failure to meet it objectively. In the present situation a great many Americans who formerly were content to let Uncle Sam take care of everything have realized for the first time their social responsibility. If the deplorable depression has had no other effect, it is valuable if it stimulated these reactions.

Intelligent men and women who have studied our natural plight recognize the breakdown of our culture and the insolvency of our national worship of unrestrained competitive

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individualism. It is apparent that the depression has affected those whose life work is one of service and social coöperation less than it has affected others whose objective has been the acquisition of wealth. It has proved, if it has proved nothing else, that as a nation we have no idea of the valid use of leisure. It has piled up mountains of evidence indicating the importance of versatility, the need for personal resourcefulness, and the vital necessity of community social planning. Above all, the financial depression has stimulated in thousands of men and women who were formerly content to drift with the tide, the desire to know more, to develop intellectual resources, to learn new techniques, with the result that the adult education movement has been greatly fostered and extended. Thousands of Americans who would have considered the proposal to continue their studies after high school or college as ludicrous, are now hard at their books again.

The history of the human race is replete with examples of the auspicious and beneficial effects of adversity. Our current depression is no exception to this rule. The human spirit develops best under pressure. It is true that the lame ducks we have allowed to grow up in our *laissez-faire* culture will suffer horribly under this adversity, and those who are responsible and mature will have to assume their burdens, as in bygone days. But more and more men and women will find in the depression a stimulus to the expansion of mental horizons and the extension of human sympathies. The depression has taught us a lesson that our troglodyte ancestors learned early in the course of human evolution: the necessity of social coöperation.

The future is a matter of conjecture. If the depression lifts quickly, no one will have learned much from it. As soon as the stock market begins to soar, the same old insane worship of Mammon will begin over again, the same number of suckers will be caught in the meshes of an aggressive, money-mad individualism. The same old bromides, clichés, mottoes, and shibboleths will be repeated as solemnly as ever before. And the old magic will be upon us again.

If it continues a great deal longer the toll of crime and insanity, and the epidemic spread of neuroses, delinquency, suicide, generalized discouragement, and hopelessness may lead us to a social cataclysm — or to a new social order based on adult recognition of our social responsibilities. The smaller the world grows, the more apparent it becomes to every thinking man and woman that each individuality is responsible for human welfare. For the present it would be well for every American to realize that there is no peculiar magic that rules over American institutions and ideals. It is not written in the book of destiny that we shall escape the fate of other lost civilizations who staked all on power and might and riches. We must face the insolvency of the past squarely and objectively, and begin to plan for a future based not on superstition, on magical mottoes, on *laissez-faire* disinterestedness, but upon the more solid foundations of science and social coöperation.

Interval

Silence smote the burnished sky
While the evening gulls went by.
Not a single copper note
Broke the shadow on each throat,
But wing and wing were laid upon
The red circumference of the sun,
And stretched dark bodies steadily
Aimed north and paralleled the sea.

Then the ocean-rim became
Tangent of the circle flame.
The ebb was done: the wounded tide
Crept across the sand and cried,
Gathered toward the rocks and broke.
While wind came rushing up to fling
Grey clouds on gold, a cricket woke
And rubbed a sharp and lonely wing.

— ***Frances Frost***

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Our National Moral Issue

What the 18th Amendment Has Done to Us

by **JOHN GRIER HIBBEN**

President of Princeton University

I

It is generally assumed by the protagonists of the Eighteenth Amendment that their point of view is from a much higher moral level than that of any who may differ with them. I very stoutly question this assumption. I would freely admit, however, that the original idea of national prohibition emanated from those who sincerely regarded it as a most valuable contribution to the upbuilding of the moral tone of the American people.

Viewed in the light of twelve years of experiment the original purpose has been but slightly realized. In the wake of ineffectual enforcement of the National Prohibition Act of Congress there have been such conspicuous and flagrant violations of the law and deplorable consequential damages to the moral tone of our people that a great multitude of thoughtful citizens throughout the United States are asking whether the present state of affairs can be allowed to continue without protest and without some organized effort for a better solution of the liquor problem.

At the present time it is certainly a moral issue and I claim the right and the privilege of insisting that my point of view is from as high a moral level as that of those who are superciliously complaisant in as much as they have won the victory of embodying their theories in an amendment to the Constitution of the United States and are blind to the fact that their theory is in practice working the moral deterioration of the nation. I feel I have a further right to speak because I was originally in favor of the experiment of national prohibition and in the first years of the prohibition era I broadcast an appeal to the citizens of New Jersey to obey and support this law. I have myself obeyed the law strictly both in public and in private. I mention this merely because I do not wish to allow anyone to think or to state that I have any ulterior motives in this article.

The fundamental purpose in the minds of the proposers of the Eighteenth Amendment was to eliminate alcohol as a beverage from the life of the people. Has this been accomplished? The answer is not in the form of an opinion but a statement of fact, and it is emphatically in the negative. Is it being progressively accomplished, so that the curve representing the progress of efficient control has been gradually but steadily rising? The answer again must be in the negative. Indeed the first years of attempted enforcement were more fruitful of accomplishment than during the last eight or nine years. There has been a general and more widespread disregard of the law embodied in the National Prohibition Enforcement Act.

In the place of the saloon, which has been abolished, speakeasies have grown up and are numbered by the thousands in our large cities, by hundreds in the smaller cities, and appear even in the smallest villages of our country. The old liquor traffic has been abolished; the new illicit traffic has taken its place. A new illicit industry, that of bootlegging, has grown to enormous and alarming proportions. This illicit traffic has come into the hands of the criminal classes and we behold a new development of crime syndicated and endowed. Racketeering has developed under this impetus to such an extent that it has become in certain quarters a menace to the industrial activities of law-abiding citizens. A new form of crime has been created, highjacking, where criminals prey upon criminals.

At the time of the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment it was declared, and I believe with great sincerity and hopefulness, that the rising generation would be reared in a new order wherein the knowledge of liquor would

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be kept in a large measure from them. In the old days liquor was associated in the minds of youth with the saloon and places generally regarded of ill repute. To-day the knowledge of liquor and of hard liquor is to a large extent gained by youth in their own homes and from the habits of their elders. And by youth I mean not only young men of the rising generation but young women, and even boys and girls.

Before the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment young girls who drank in public were severely criticized, and one who was seen in public in a state of drunkenness could never overcome the disgrace and humiliation of her predicament. To-day at public entertainments, dinners, dances, picnics, and all functions where young people gather together, girls and young women are keeping pace with our boys and young men in the practice of drinking, and again and again drinking to excess. There is no evidence of the dawn of the new order so confidently heralded twelve years ago.

II

We have always had a certain amount of drinking among the students at Princeton, extending over a period which goes back to my own undergraduate days. The administrative officers of the University have always deplored it and they have never ignored it. Possibly our experience has been not unlike that of other institutions; certainly we have never felt cause for great alarm at the drift of undergraduate morals either before or since prohibition. We have always had a regulation against the presence or the use of liquor in any of the rooms on the campus. Wherever there has been infringement of this regulation, severe discipline has at once followed. All cases of intoxication of any kind upon our campus or in the village reported by the proctors are dealt with summarily and with this same severity.

The discipline of the undergraduates is the function of the Discipline Committee, which is a joint committee of the members of the faculty with three undergraduate members appointed from the Undergraduate Council. In all matters of discipline the undergraduate members of the Discipline Committee have been as ready and eager to uphold the standards and regulations of the University as the faculty members.

Our proctors have been instructed, and they have scrupulously carried out these instructions, to prevent any bootleggers appearing on our campus. Our special problem, such as it is, has been aggravated by the existence of the Eighteenth Amendment. The force of public opinion, which formerly worked with our efforts toward control, is now largely opposed to these efforts. We have been particularly hampered by the existence in the near neighborhood of Princeton of roadhouses where liquor can be purchased. Dean Gauss, who is the Chairman of the Discipline Committee, has been constantly alert and efficient in endeavoring to close these neighboring speakeasies, which extend on the south to Trenton and on the north to New Brunswick, and are scattered along the two highways between New York and Philadelphia. One of these highways passes through the main street, Nassau Street, of Princeton.

Dean Gauss has been able to close some thirty-four places, many of them repeatedly. He tells me that in this the local authorities have been of much greater assistance to him than the federal enforcement agents, even though the latter have doubtless had the best of intentions of coöperating with him. As soon as any one of these places has been closed another immediately appears in its place. There are two notorious roadhouses which Dean Gauss has succeeded in closing, each four times. In one case the place has been reopened after a certain period of closing; in the other, the proprietor built, three successive times, a rough shack within a few hundred yards of the original site. These efforts of Dean Gauss are being continued. He is now in the process of closing another place for the fourth time in the near neighborhood of Princeton. It seems that certain unknown influences are at work to protect the proprietor concerned, and to render our efforts ineffectual.

Also it is a matter of serious concern to me that in Princeton and the near vicinity there are four preparatory schools, with boys ranging from twelve to eighteen or nineteen years of age. They are exposed to the same menace.

Princeton is situated in a rural community, and it would seem that we might be permanently freed from the many places which are so easily accessible to our students where the sale of liquor is openly carried on, not only in dis-

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obedience but in defiance of the law. Naturally the universities located in our large cities have this to contend with in a much more serious way than we do at Princeton. I know also of many colleges and universities in rural communities like Princeton which are laboring under the same serious menace due to the roadhouses surrounding the institutions themselves. Moreover, the fact should be recognized and not lightly ignored that all along the network of automobile highways throughout our country these roadhouses, refreshment stands, and the like have sprung up with mushroom growth, where liquor ranging from beer to whisky and gin can be readily purchased.

III

It has often been said in defense of the Eighteenth Amendment that it is in the nature of things that it should work slowly and that twelve years is not sufficient time for the experiment to justify itself. After twelve years, however, there should be evidence of some promise of a steady improvement. I see no signs of this. On the contrary, we are rapidly drifting in the social practices of our people toward complete nullification of the law. A general nullification of the National Prohibition Act is, I am sure all will agree, the worst possible solution of the liquor problem. It is indeed no solution whatsoever but an unconditional surrender and will tend inevitably to lower the respect for law generally. The ill effects of the violation of any law are in the case of this present prohibition law particularly aggravated because it is a federal law buttressed by constitutional authority.

The question then naturally arises, is there any ground to hope that the federal enforcement will become more and more effective and that public opinion in conviction and practice will rally to the enforcement of the National Prohibition Act? It is certain that if any such hope is to be realized, two conditions must be fulfilled: first, that of state coöperation in the enforcement of the law; and second, and even more important, the reënforcing of the law by general public opinion.

First — state coöperation. According to the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, Section 2, "Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this Article (that is Sec. 1 of the Amendment) by appropriate legislation." In theory admirable, but in practice disappointing. The states cannot be compelled to exercise concurrent power and corresponding legislation; this, according to the decision of the United States Supreme Court. Many states have refused to do so. Their attitude for the most part, and this is true also even of the states which had prohibition laws before the National Prohibition Act, is in a way a natural one: that the enforcement of prohibition is now a federal concern in which the state has no further responsibility and that many states do not care to assume the financial obligation thus necessitated.

New York repealed its prohibition act in 1923, Nevada in 1926, Montana in 1926, Wisconsin in 1929, Massachusetts, Illinois and Rhode Island in 1930. In the states where there is no state prohibition and no reënforcing statutes for the most part, the whole burden is placed upon the federal government. In this group are some of the most important states of the Union. As to them it is obvious there is no effective enforcement of prohibition.

In this connection it is most significant that every Federal Director or Commissioner of Prohibition from the beginning, as well as the unanimous declaration of the National Commission on Prohibition, agree that the National Prohibition Act cannot be enforced without the coöperation of the states. This coöperation is feebly given and by only a few states, and is less in amount and degree at present than in the earlier years of prohibition. The states generally take the position — "It is a federal law, therefore let the federal government enforce it."

Second. In order that any law may be effectively enforced it must have supporting public opinion behind it. Now it is a very patent fact that public opinion does not generally support the policy of national prohibition. Of course it is evident that national prohibition is receiving most enthusiastic support among many groups of our citizens. The issue does not turn upon the question whether more people are in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment than those opposed. The fundamental point is this, that those who are opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment constitute such a large number of citizens as to render the effective enforcement of the Prohibition Act by our federal government impossible.

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The significant feature of this public opinion adverse to prohibition is that it is not by any means confined to the habitually lawbreaking or law-evading classes of society — criminals and criminally inclined, persons of anti-social attitude and habits, and the dregs of humanity in the slums of our cities who defy public decency and public morals. On the contrary, open violation of the prohibition law and the announced policy and practice among many in protest against it are found among our most highly respected and public-spirited citizens. Men and women in significantly large and increasing numbers who command the respect and confidence of their communities and who are naturally expected to be supporters of law are in possession of liquor, serve it in their homes on public as well as private occasions, and do so with no attempt whatsoever at concealment, exactly as if there were no such thing as the Eighteenth Amendment and the National Prohibition Act. They not only do not regard the law seriously, they go further; the law has become in many social circles the butt for ridicule and poor outworn jokes.

No law can be effectually enforced when the normal law-abiding citizens of the community do not lend it their approval and support both in pronounced opinion and practice. This is a fundamental principle and has obtained throughout the whole history of law and of government and has been from time immemorial recognized by leading jurists and in every civilized nation. The trend of public opinion concerning the Eighteenth Amendment was set from the beginning by many of our state and national legislators themselves who, while voting for political reasons in support of the Eighteenth Amendment and the National Prohibition Act, during the first years of the prohibition enforcement secretly, and later openly, violated the law. Lawmakers became lawbreakers and so continue until this day. When I speak of normally law-abiding citizens not supporting the law either in letter or in spirit, I have in mind judges of our courts, members of Congress, lawyers, men of public-spirited citizenship and the leaders in their communities of every good cause, whose general influence and power are given in support of government and law, and yet they are not in any sense lending their support to the upholding of this particular law embodied in the Eighteenth Amendment of our Constitution.

This is a situation so significant that it should not be lightly ignored. Without public opinion of this kind in support of the Eighteenth Amendment I see no reasonable expectation that the passing of time alone will bring about an essential change in this attitude of those normally law-abiding citizens. Colonel Amos W. W. Woodcock, the Director of the United States Bureau of Prohibition, is reported as making the following significant statement in an address delivered last year: "If you want private drinking stopped, don't look for help to an officer of the law. Rather look to a change in custom and point of view."

IV

The Eighteenth Amendment has succeeded in abolishing the saloon and no one would wish to have it reëstablished. The critics of the Eighteenth Amendment are quite as stoutly opposed to the saloon as the strongest sponsors and adherents of the Amendment. We are faced with the appalling fact that the speakeasies have multiplied throughout our country and are patronized by all classes of society. They are for the most part conducted as restaurants where I am told excellent meals are prepared as well as wine furnished with them. The best types of the speakeasies have been given a certain respectability which was never associated with the old corner saloons.

These speakeasies are flourishing in large numbers and to an alarming degree even in our national capital. The accompanying map indicates the distribution of speakeasies in Washington. Each black dot on the map marks a focus of federal law violation. It has been prepared from data obtained from the metropolitan police records of raids made where liquor was purchased or found from September, 1929, to April 30, 1930. The map shows the congestion of speakeasies about the Capitol, their close proximity to the Department of Justice, their encroachment even upon the vicinity of the White House, and daringly even seeking shelter under the shadow of the Prohibition Bureau itself. It is a matter of common knowledge and comment that bootleggers visit even the Capitol itself to ply their trade, just as they do generally the business offices throughout the city.

The natural comment upon such a state of

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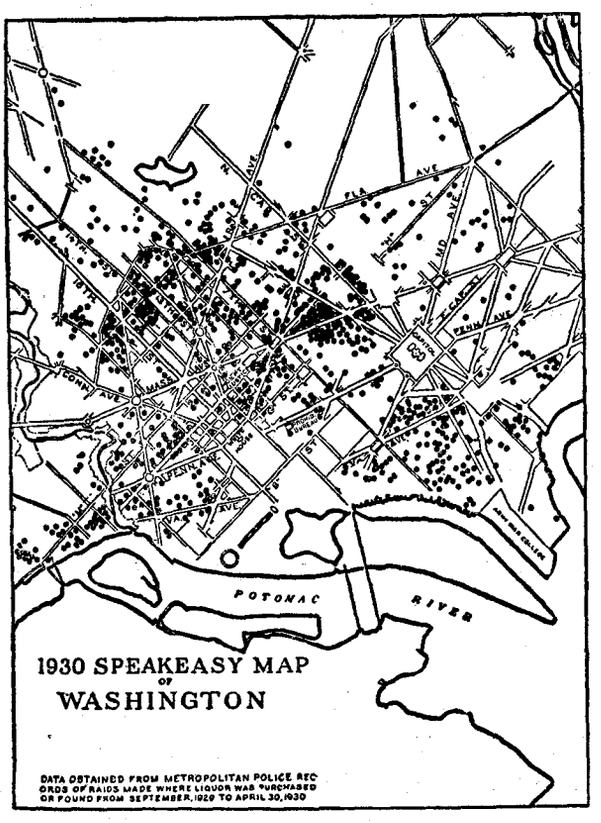
affairs is that all these places where liquor is freely sold should be closed and the offenders punished, but it seems quite impossible to accomplish this in any adequate and permanent manner. As rapidly as one is closed another takes its place. There is a thoroughly organized business which replaces agencies selling liquor at retail as fast as they are discovered and closed up. These speakeasies are made possible because of public tolerance. I do not seek to justify in any way the existence of this public tolerance; I merely state that it is a fact and again a fact that cannot be ignored.

Moreover the prohibition law has associated with it certain anomalies which in themselves tend to defeat the main purpose of the law to which I have already referred, namely to banish alcoholic beverages from the life of the people. I briefly call attention to these anomalies:


POTOMAC
RIVER
1930 SPEAKEASY MAP
OF
WASHINGTON
DATA OBTAINED FROM METROPOLITAN POLICE RECORDS OF RAIDS MADE WHERE LIQUOR WAS PURCHASED OR FOUND FROM SEPTEMBER, 1929 TO APRIL 30, 1930

First: By Supreme Court decision in a test case it has been decided that one who sells liquor in any form whatsoever violates the law. The one who buys does not. Subsequent to this decision of the Supreme Court a bill was introduced in Congress to make the buyer equally guilty with the seller of the liquor. This proposed law was referred to the proper Committee and has been silently shelved.

Second: One who makes wine in his own home from grapes or manufactured grapejuice, or, strange to say, from dandelions, is not regarded as violating the law and is unmolested by federal authorities in his own home.

Third: In the era of agricultural depression, to stimulate the growing of grapes in California the Federal Farm Board advanced to the grape growers of California approximately twenty-four million dollars of which slightly less than one-half has been paid back. Of the above sum approximately nineteen millions had been advanced by the end of 1930, the remainder, five million dollars, during 1931. These grape growers sold their products largely in the form of grape concentrate, which when dealt with properly can be transformed into wine of considerable alcoholic content. Moreover, the firms in this industry have been sending their agents to homes throughout our country in order to supervise the process of turning the grape concentrates into wine.

Fourth. The government is insistent and resourceful in collecting income-tax returns on bootlegging profits. Where such returns are withheld, the Government resorts to prosecution in the federal courts — notably the case of Al Capone.

Face to face with these anomalies I find my mind is in as confused a state of bewilderment as was the mind of Alice in her Adventures in Wonderland.

The obvious inconsistencies in the administration of the law, alleged to be in the very nature of the law itself, prove that the time has come for very serious consideration as to whether the Eighteenth Amendment is the best possible solution of the liquor problem. In my opinion the logic of the present conditions indicates, as I have said already, a drift toward nullification, which has only one interpretation that is possible, namely, that if the present illicit liquor traffic, highly organized and effective, is to be left without any control whatsoever, the results will be increasingly demoralizing throughout the whole nation.

We are to-day confronted with most difficult and perplexing problems, national and international. The great political parties which must face and solve these problems have their thought and energies diverted into the acrimonious controversies between the wets and the drys. I do not believe the liquor problem

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can ever be solved as long as it is a bone of contention between political parties. If in the coming Presidential election identical planks calling for a general referendum to the people could be agreed upon and inserted in each political platform, the political implications and the political aspect of the problem would be immediately eliminated. This suggestion no doubt may be regarded as a counsel of perfection. The time has come for the voice of the people to be heard, and to be heard directly and not merely through representatives who are not wholly free to speak or to vote according to their considered judgments but are bound by party affiliations, platform pronouncements, and possible defeat for reëlection.

I am confident that the people of the United States who are alive to the present situation do not wish the nullification of a federal law embodied in our Constitution, an illicit liquor traffic constantly growing and emboldened and under no responsible control, a growing criminal power that ignores and overrides all laws, owing to wealth accrued through the violation of this one particular law, the National Prohibition Amendment.

Unemployment Insurance

A Plan in Actual Operation

by **GEORGE F. HAVELL**

Business Manager of The Forum

THE PREVALENCE of "slave morality" among panic-stricken jobholders, which Dr. Wolfe deplores in his article in this issue, might be lessened, and the self-respect and self-confidence of business employees everywhere might be increased, if unemployment insurance plans were put into operation throughout the country. In the end, both employees and employers would benefit by the general change in psychology.

Heretofore only a few of the larger industrial corporations, such as the General Electric Company, have adopted employee plans. Smaller business organizations either have had no interest in such plans or they have been deterred by expense and the supposed difficulty of administration. By way of conducting a laboratory experiment, the Forum Publishing Company presented a plan to its employees in January, 1932. The FORUM Plan is to some extent modeled on the plan of the General Electric Company but is especially adapted to this particular organization, which is not essentially different from thousands of other business organizations. Of twenty-nine employees, twenty-seven have accepted the Plan.

The FORUM Plan has three distinctive features which are briefly explained below.

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE

THE COMPANY holds the standard group policy issued by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. This provides a weekly benefit payable to employees who are unable to work because of any sickness whatsoever, or because of any accident which may occur while the employee is not working for a wage or profit. (Employees are protected against accidents which result from regular employment by Workmen's Compensation Insurance, which employers in the State of New York are required by law to carry.)

Benefits are payable for thirteen weeks, beginning on the eighth day of disability. Employees whose salary is $26.17 weekly or less receive a benefit of $10.00 for a monthly pre-

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mium of 70 cents. Those whose salary is more than $26.17 weekly but not over $51.94 receive a benefit of $20.00 for a monthly premium of $1.40. Those who are paid at a rate in excess of $51.94 weekly receive $25.00 a week for a monthly premium of $1.75. Part of the premium, in excess of the amounts noted, is borne by the Company. When an employee leaves the Company for any reason the insurance ceases.

A Savings Reserve Fund

This feature of the Plan is open only to employees who subscribe to the sickness and accident insurance.

The Company has agreed to pay into a compound interest fund an amount equal to 2% of an employee's salary, provided that the employee will also set aside a like amount. This is deducted from his semi-monthly salary cheque. The Fund will thus provide in every year a cash reserve of two weeks' salary, plus interest. In five years this will approximate three months' salary.

This Fund is administered by a Committee of employees which includes a representative for each of the salary classes noted under the insurance feature. The present Committee was appointed by the Company officers, but its successors will be elected by general vote of all participating employees. The Committee has entire charge of the administration of the Fund, its rulings being subject to the approval of the Company officers, who have no intention of interfering with its freedom of action.

If an employee terminates employment of his own accord before December 31, 1933, he will receive only his own deposits, plus compound interest. If employment is terminated before that date for any other reason (except misconduct) he will receive the full amount standing in his name, plus interest.

After December 31, 1933, any employee whose employment is terminated for any reason (except misconduct) will receive the full amount credited to him — his own deposits and those made by the Company, plus interest on both. Employees dismissed for misconduct at any time will receive only their own deposits, plus interest.

The Committee has ruled that prior to December 31, 1933, participants in the Fund may borrow up to 50% of their credits upon payment of 6% interest. After December 31, 1933, participants in the Fund may borrow up to 100% of their credits upon payment of 6% interest. Such loans, which are subject to the approval of the Committee, will be granted only for emergency uses, and upon the understanding that they will be repaid.

Unemployment Emergency Payments

During the period of the present unemployment emergency all employees with more than one year's service who are dropped from the pay roll after December 31, 1931, will be paid 25% of their present salary for a period of six months. The Company reserves the right to withhold such payment at its discretion. Ex-employees receiving this payment will be expected to report for work not more than one and one-half days a week, and acceptance of other employment will automatically terminate the Company's payments. A minimum of $10.00 weekly will be paid under this arrangement.

The Forum Plan does not pretend to be more than a first step in the direction of unemployment insurance. It has at least the virtue of extreme simplicity, and no difficulties of operation have presented themselves as yet. The same principles could be extended with more far-reaching effects. If, for example, contributions to the Savings Reserve Fund were increased to 5%, or even 10%, savings of a few years would probably tide employees over an extended period of unemployment. At 10%, in the case of employees of long service, the reserve built up would help materially to provide a retirement income, by annuity purchase or otherwise. And in any normal year the cost to the Company is a comparatively minor item.

The entire cost of the Plan for 1932, including unemployment emergency payments, is estimated at less than 4% of the pay roll total. This amount was intended to include the Company's share of the premium for group life insurance, which was offered but withdrawn because of insufficient interest.

The amateur framers of the Forum Plan submit that the general adoption of similar plans would help to perpetuate the old American custom of eating three meals a day when the next depression arrives.

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Javanese Dancers

by **TEN KLOOSTER**

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I See War with Germany

If the Hitlerites Gain the Upper Hand

by **LEON TROTSKY**

World politics have at present two focal points unusually remote from each other: one on the Mukden-Pekin line, the other on the Berlin-Munich. Either one of these points of infection is enough to destroy the "normal" course of events on our planet for years — for decades. However, the day-by-day work of the diplomats and official politicians looks as though nothing unusual were happening. It looked the same along in 1912 during the Balkan War which was the overture to 1914.

For some reason — grossly slandering an intelligent bird — people call this an ostrich policy. The ornamental decision adopted by the League of Nations on the Manchurian question is a document of impotence without equal even in the history of European diplomacy: no self-respecting ostrich could possibly sign his name to it. This blindness — in some cases, of course, quite voluntary — to what is preparing in the Far East, has at least this mitigating circumstance: that events there will develop at a comparatively slow pace. The East, although awakening to a new life, is still far from the "American," and even the European, tempo.

Germany is a different matter. The blind alley into which Europe, Balkanized at Versailles, has now run finds a concentrated expression in Germany, where it has taken the political form of "National-Socialism." In the language of social psychology this political tendency might be described as an epidemic hysteria of despair among the intermediate classes: the ruined small trader, craftsman, and peasant; in part, too, the unemployed proletarian; the officer and non-commissioned officer of the great war, still wearing the symbols of distinction but without rations; the clerk of the closed-up office; the bookkeeper of the bankrupt bank; the engineer without occupation; the journalist without salary or prospect; the physician whose clients are still sick but have forgotten how to pay.

Hitler has refused to answer questions about his domestic program on the ground that it is a military secret. He is not obliged, he says, to give away his secret methods of salvation to his political enemies. This is not very patriotic, but it is clever. In reality Hitler has no secrets at all. However, we are not here concerned with domestic policies. In the matter of international politics his position seems at first glance a little more definite. In his speeches and articles Hitler declares war on the Versailles treaty, whose creature he himself is. He specializes in terms of abuse directed against France. But as a matter of fact if he came into power he would become one of the chief pillars of Versailles, and would turn out to be a mainstay of French imperialism.

These assertions may seem paradoxical. Yet they flow inexorably from the logic of the European and international situation when correctly analyzed — when the analysis starts, that is, from the basic factors of politics, and not from phrases, gestures, and the other trash of the demagogue.

Hitler Will Need Allies

The German Fascists declare that they have two enemies: Marxism and Versailles. By "Marxism" they mean two German parties — the Communists and the Social Democrats, and one state — the Soviet Union. By Versailles they mean France and Poland. In order to

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understand what will be the actual international rôle of a National-Socialist Germany, it is necessary to weigh briefly these elements of the problem.

The relation between Fascism and "Marxism" is sufficiently clear from the experience of Italy. Mussolini's program, up to the day of the operetta march on Rome, was no less radical and no less mystical than that of Hitler. The reality turned out to be merely a struggle against revolutionary and oppositional forces. Like its Italian prototype, German National-Socialism can come to power only after breaking up the workers' organizations. This, however, is no simple task. Civil war lies on the road between the National-Socialists and the power they seek. Even if Hitler should get a parliamentary majority by peaceful methods — which may safely be excluded from things possible — he would find it necessary just the same, in order to inaugurate a Fascist régime, to break the backbone of the Communist Party, the Social Democracy, and the trade-unions. And this is a very painful and prolonged surgical operation. Hitler himself, of course, understands this. That is why he is not at all disposed to accommodate his political plans to the uncertain destinies of German parliamentarianism.

While covering himself with phrases about legality, Hitler is awaiting the opportune moment to strike a short and sharp blow. Will he succeed in this? It is no easy task. But it would be unpardonably light-minded to consider his success impossible. And by whatever roads Hitler might come to power — whether through open doors or by breaking in — the Fascization of Germany would mean in any case a severe domestic conflict. This would inevitably paralyze the forces of the country for a considerable period of time, and compel Hitler to seek in surrounding Europe, not revenge, but allies and protectors. From this fundamental consideration our analysis must begin.

In their struggle against Fascism the German workers will naturally seek support in the Soviet Union, and they will find it. Can you imagine for a moment that in these circumstances Hitler's government will risk getting into an armed conflict with France or Poland? Between the proletariat of a Fascist Germany and the Soviet Union stands Pilsudski. Pilsudski's help, or at least his friendly neutrality, will be infinitely more important to Hitler, absorbed in the Fascization of Germany, than the liquidation of the Polish Corridor. How insignificant this question will seem to Hitler — and indeed the whole question of the boundaries of Germany — in the midst of his bitter struggle to get the power and to keep it!

Pilsudski would be for Hitler a bridge toward friendship with France — if indeed there were not other bridges closer by. Even now there are voices heard in the French press — as yet only in its secondary organs — "It is time to steer our course by Hitler!" To be sure the official press, led by *Le Temps*, takes a hostile attitude to the National-Socialists. But this is not because the masters of fate in contemporary France take Hitler's martial gestures seriously. No, what frightens them is the path by which Hitler can alone come to power — the path of civil war, a thing whose outcome cannot be predicted by anybody. May not his policy of a state overturn from the Right unleash a revolution on the Left? That is what the ruling circles in France are worrying about — and quite justifiably, too.

But one thing is clear: If Hitler did overcome all obstacles and arrive in power, he would be compelled, in order to get a free hand within his own country, to begin with an oath of loyalty to Versailles. Nobody on the Quai D'Orsay has any doubt of that. Moreover, it is well understood there that a military dictatorship of Hitler, once it was firmly established in Germany, might become a considerably more reliable element in the French hegemony over Europe, than the present German governmental system, whose mathematical formula consists almost entirely of unknown quantities.

War Would Be Inevitable

To imagine that the ruling circles in France would be "embarrassed" to act as patrons of a Fascist Germany would be quite childishly naïve. France is now relying upon Poland, Roumania, and Yugoslavia, three countries ruled by a military dictatorship! Is this accidental? Not in the least. The present French hegemony over Europe is a result of the fact that France still remains the sole inheritor of the victory of the United States, Great Britain, Italy, and herself. (I do not name Russia here since she did not participate in the victory, although she paid for it with the

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greatest number of human lives.) From the hands of the most powerful combination of world forces which history has known, France has received an inheritance which she will not let go of, but which is too heavy for her narrow shoulders. The territory of France, her population, her productive forces, her national income — all these are obviously inadequate to support her lordly position. The Balkanization of Europe, the stirring up of antagonisms, the struggle against disarmament, support to military dictatorships — these are the methods necessary to prolong the hegemony of France.

The forcible splitting-up of the German nation enters into the system as a link quite as necessary as the fantastic boundary lines of Poland with its famous Corridor. In the language of Versailles, "Corridor" is the name given to an operation which other people call removing a rib from a living organism. When France, while supporting Japan in Manchuria, swears to God that she seeks peace, this only means that she stands for the inviolability for her own hegemony — that is, her right to dismember Europe and reduce it to chaos. Immoderate conquerors, as history testifies, are always inclined to "pacifism," because they dread the revenge of the conquered.

A Fascist régime — a thing which could be realized only at the price of bloody convulsions and a new exhaustion of Germany — would be for that very reason an invaluable element in French hegemony. From the side of the National-Socialists France and her Versailles system have nothing at all to fear.

Would Hitler in power, then, mean peace? No, Hitler in power would mean a reënforcement of French hegemony. But exactly for this reason Hitler in power would mean war — not against Poland, not against France, but against the Soviet Union.

The Moscow press has spoken more than once in recent years about an approaching military intervention in the Soviet Union. The author of these lines has more than once objected to this kind of snap prognosis — not because he thought that there was in Europe, or on the rest of the planet, any lack of the evil will to war against the Soviet Union. No; there was no lack of that. But for such a risky undertaking the disagreements and resistances were too great, not only between the different European states, but still more within each of them.

There is hardly a politician worth mentioning who now imagines that the Soviet Republic could be settled with by means of armies improvised along the border or simple landing operations. Even Winston Churchill no longer believes that, notwithstanding the very wide gamut of his political vocal exercises. An experiment of this kind was more than well made during the years 1918–20 when Churchill, according to his own proud boast, mobilized "fourteen nations" against the Soviet Union. How happy the British exchequer would be now to have back those hundreds of millions of pounds spent on intervention in Russia!

But we mustn't cry over spilt milk. Besides a good lesson was paid for with that money. If at that time, in the first years of the Soviet Republic when the Red army was still walking in its baby shoes — alas, in those years it often had nothing on its feet at all! — the troops of "fourteen nations" could not win the victory, how much less hope there is now, when the Red Army is a mighty force, with a victorious tradition, with young and yet experienced officers, with inexhaustible reserves raised up by the Revolution, and with sufficiently opulent military stores!

The united forces of the encircling nations, even if they could be dragged into the adventure, would be small for the task of intervention in the Soviet Union. Japan is too far off for an independent military rôle against the Soviet Union, and moreover the Mikado's government will have troubles enough near-by in the coming years. To make intervention possible, a great, highly industrialized, and moreover continental European empire would be needed — one which would desire, and be able, to take upon itself the principal weight of a holy pilgrimage against the Soviets. To be more accurate — a country would be needed which had nothing to lose. A glance at the political map of Europe will convince you that such a mission could be undertaken only by a Fascist Germany. More than that, a Fascist Germany would have no other road left to go. Having come to power at the price of innumerable victims, having revealed its bankruptcy in all domestic problems, having capitulated to France and consequently to such semi-vassal states as Poland, the Fascist régime would be inexorably compelled to seek some sort of gambling way out of its own bankruptcy, and

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out of the contradictions of the international situation. A war against the Soviet Union would grow out of these circumstances with fatal necessity.

To this pessimistic prognosis you might reply by citing the example of Italy, with whom the Soviet Union has established a *modus vivendi*. But that objection is superficial. Italy is separated from the Soviet Union by a series of intervening countries. Italian Fascism rose with the yeast of a purely domestic crisis — the national claims of Italy having been satisfied liberally enough at Versailles. Italian Fascism came to power shortly after the great war, at which time there could be no talk of a new war. And finally Fascist Italy remained lonely, and nobody in Europe knew how stable the Fascist régime would prove, on the one hand, or the Soviet régime on the other.

In all these respects, the position of Hitler's Germany would be fatally different. An external success would be necessary to it. The Soviet Union would be an intolerable neighbor. We remember how long Pilsudski hesitated before signing the pact of non-aggression with Russia. Hitler side by side with Pilsudski — that alone almost answers our question. On the other hand France cannot help understanding that she is not in a position to keep Germany permanently disarmed. The French policy will be to turn Fascist Germany against the East. That will offer an escape valve for the national indignation against the Versailles régime, and — who knows? — maybe we will have the good luck to find along this road new sources for the solution of that most sacred of all world problems, the problem of reparations.

Russia Must Be Prepared

If you take on faith the assertion of the Fascist prophets that they will come to power during the first half of 1932 — though we are far from believing these people on their mere word — it is possible to lay out in advance a sort of political calendar. A couple of years must be set aside for the Fascization of Germany — for crushing the German working class, creating a Fascist militia, and restoring the cadres of the army. Along about 1933–34, then, the conditions for a military intervention in the Soviet Union would be adequately ripe.

This "calendar" of course assumes that the government of the Soviet Union will be meanwhile patiently waiting. My relations with the present Moscow government are not such that I have any right to speak in its name or refer to its intentions, about which I, like every other reader and man of politics, can judge only on the basis of all the information accessible. But I am all the more free to say how in my opinion the Soviet government *ought* to act in case of a Fascist State revolution in Germany. Upon receiving the telegraphic communication of this event I would, in their place, sign an order for the mobilization of classes. When you have a mortal enemy before you, and when war flows with necessity from the logic of the objective situation, it would be unpardonable lightmindedness to give that enemy time to establish and fortify himself, conclude the necessary alliances, receive the necessary help, work out a plan of concentric military actions — not only from the west but from the east — and thus grow up to the dimensions of a colossal danger.

Hitler's shock troops are already singing all over Germany a marching song against the Soviets, composed by a certain Doctor Hans Buchner. It would be imprudent to let the Fascists drawl this martial air. If they are destined to sing it, let them sing it staccato.

Whichever of the two might happen to take the formal initiative, a war between a government of Hitler and the Soviet Government would be inevitable, and that too at a very early date. The consequences of this war would be incalculable. But whatever illusions they might cherish in Paris, one thing could be confidently asserted: In the flames of a Bolshevik-Fascist war, one of the first things to burn up would be the Versailles treaty.

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You May Have My Job

A Feminist Discovers Her Home

by **JANE ALLEN**

I

I AM a member of that late notorious generation which so much enjoyed the manner in which it was publicized after the war. I am one of those girls about whom Mr. Fitzgerald alarmed parents when he let it out that we were being kissed. I took seriously the responsibility of living up to all the things reported about us in the magazines and newspapers. I burned my candle at both ends; cut my wisdom teeth on a gin bottle; declared myself for all the fashionable emancipations. It was quite a strain.

At twenty-one, upon graduation from college, I married. Lloyd took me because he was goofy about me. He was romantic; he had not profited as I had from membership in the younger generation. I took him for what I still consider valid and far more substantial reasons: he had sufficient sex appeal, though not so much as other boys who had made love to me; he had magnificent health, a splendid academic record, a vocational purpose, a good job waiting him; he was a shade too serious-minded, but we enjoyed in common tennis, walking, camping out, dancing, and the theater; he was emotionally stable, intellectually alert, adequate in social intercourse, and came of proven stock. It looked to me like a good foundation on which to build marriage and attain love.

However much I may still suspect romantic love as the only basis for marriage and may still consider sound my criteria for the selection of a husband, I have reneged on what was once a preëminent contention of mine, to wit: that a woman is somehow an inferior if she doesn't get out and work. Except for the year when the baby came, I was employed, after marriage, for a total of seven years. I had a fine position, as jobs for women go; I drew a nice salary and the responsibilities were engaging.

Two years ago I quit my job, not because of the depression, not to provide an opening for some unemployed man, not because I was weary of the work, but because I began to hold suspect the superiority of a life of employment. Some people charge that I have turned old-fashioned. One friend started calling me "The Penguin" and I have to answer to that on all sides now. It means nothing at all, except that I am a queer bird.

But before describing what I am perhaps I should explain what I was before that strange mid-life mutation occurred. Very well —.

I was the product of a college for girls — a college whose ideals can be judged by the fact that the leading official, when enumerating the graduates who have succeeded in life, arbitrarily and, I think, with slight contempt rules out all girls who have married and made a home. My mother was of the militant emancipated variety who, after fighting for suffrage, never voted; who, after extolling the broadening values of a salaried position, grew narrower and harder with absorption in their jobs.

My attitudes were the prevailing liberal tritenesses of the day: (1) the occupation of wifery, child-raising, home-making is inferior, beneath the talents of a really capable and spirited girl; (2) a woman who is wholly dependent on her husband for her living is a parasite and is liable to a condition of helpless enslavement; (3) bearing children ruins the figure, threatens the health; (4) the so-called maternal instinct is largely a fiction induced more by nurture than by nature; (5) raising children is a confining, messy, routine job worthy of old-maid school marms and hack governesses; (6) the responsibility of home-making is best delegated to specialists — apartment house managers, janitors, interior decorators, delicatessen operators, and soup manufacturers; (7) a wife's prime job is to

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keep that schoolgirl complexion and all else thereby implied, that her husband may find her an appealing mate, after which let her be socially capable and generally agreeable.

The resultant female is by now a type familiar to everyone. She is prominent as a flat but glamorous figure in fiction and on the screen. Seeing that type in the round among my acquaintances and especially in myself, I came, increasingly, to doubt her happiness, her wisdom, even her glamour. My job, fortunately, was one that called for countless contacts, countless solutions and adjustments. It was stirring work which at times closed in on my attention to the exclusion of everything else. I could feel myself becoming the narrow, hard, efficiency-bitten drivewheel of my department.

And then, one night two years ago, Lloyd and I had dinner with a business woman developed to the ultimate. She and I were in college at the same time. She was a gay, free, careless, congenial girl. She has now been employed ten years. She is married. She is swift, hard, poised, incisive. Her life is a scurry to "make contacts," "close contracts," produce "the effect of —." She never reads a book, though she gives the effect: she stops every week at a bookshop to peruse the blurb sheets on the new volumes. The magazines she reads are digests or reviews. All she wants is the "gist of things." She is hot after that kind of "culture" because it helps her in her work. Everything must contribute to that. She keeps fit twice a week in a dancing class: a walk in the park would give her the fidgets. She eats by dietetic textbooks. There is not a song, not a skip in her any more. She has sold her charm, her humanness, her talents for leisure, to her job. Time is money for her; it is never anything else. She had us to dinner because she wanted Lloyd's legal advice.

My thoughts fairly steamed that evening; I realized that I was seeing a life study of my future self. Before we went to bed, Lloyd asked me, "Why so preoccupied?" And I astonished myself by answering, "I have about decided to spend my time hereafter for something else."

Once I had actually given issue to that somewhat gratuitous decision, I spent no little energy looking it over. And the longer I considered it, the better I liked it. I *would* spend my time for something other than money. And so, when it could be arranged, I gave my notice and drew my last pay check. It was not easy; I had a great many misgivings. But I have buried them forever.

II

And what do I find in the market place to exchange for my time?

To begin with, more satisfactory social relations with my fellows. No little is made, especially in imagination, of the working woman's opportunities to meet men, casually, flirtatiously, even intimately, for luncheon, for parties, for "affairs." The great trouble is that, for the average working wife, the opportunities do not come. She doesn't have time. Half the men in her own office are well-enough married and do not notice her; the others prefer single girls; most of the men she does meet are dull or oldish or are pathetic Babbitts trying to step out. In my seven years of employment my friendships with men were made largely within our own home. Most of them were Lloyd's acquaintances — professional men, scientists, artists, politicians.

One of the reasons I quit my job was to have more time to extend our social contacts, leisurely, graciously, in a relaxed state of mind. Now that I have the time, preparations can be much more satisfactory; and it is possible for us to receive what is often the most delightful visitor, the unexpected guest, and to open the spare room to people whose presence wears from Saturday to Monday morning. Unless one is wealthy — and we are not — it takes no little attention and thought to make the household machinery run unobstrusively in the presence of guests.

Ever since before I left college I have meant to read any number of things — the plays of Molière and Racine, *Jean Christophe*, all of Thomas Hardy and some of Dostoevski. Well, I have read them. We have always taken magazines and, like so many people, could read no more than a couple of pieces when the next monthly deluge would be upon us. I now read our magazines. I read some of the articles, brief the arguments in others, for Lloyd at breakfast time. We quarrel terribly on disputed points, but he tells me that he would not trade our breakfasts for membership in his club. I assure you that this sort of thing is not

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done in the spirit of the Portia Club literary committee, heavily, or with the goading sense that we "just must keep informed." We do what is fun to do.

Lloyd seems hugely to enjoy and heartily to approve our quickened mental-level relations; I have been unable to detect any of the flight reactions with which men are said to protest against alertness in woman. And I can add that, strangely, subtly, our platonic companionship has enriched what I hear called the thermo-dynamics of sex.

My retirement from work necessitated a change in our standard of living or, more correctly, a readjustment of the budget. We left an expensive city apartment for a house in the suburbs. We have one part-time maid. And I have recovered a certain self-sufficiency which I had had no appreciation of being without. That employment makes a woman self-sufficient is true only in a qualified sense: it may make her self-supporting, but that is not the same thing. I have always been, until recently, one of the world's most awkward hewers of wood and drawers of water. I could not sew a fine seam, and was rather proud of it. I had contempt for women who embroidered, made lace, preserved pickles, cultivated gardens. But I have discovered an immense snobbery in that attitude, a misconception of the creative features of those jobs, an underestimation of their requirements.

I now garden. Always a lover of plants in the wild, I find them no less fascinating in the back yard and flower beds. I designed and had built a small greenhouse with features that have caught the attention of the State Agricultural College. Naturally I am unbearably proud. I study the agricultural bulletins; I get my exercise; I thrill at the growth, the blossoms, the fruit; I crow over my contributions to the table. In two years I have achieved strawberries the size of small tea cups.

To my astonishment and delight I have found a study of dietetics and the culinary arts in no sense the proper concern of inferior people. One can — and I fear most women do — get into a rut in the kitchen. But whose fault is that? With modern labor-saving devices and with the wealth of helpful literature, the kitchen is an exciting atelier, with possibilities for skill, good taste, and imagination.

To all such occupations one can come as a drudge or as an enthusiastic amateur. It is the old matter of the adverb: it's *how* you do a thing that counts. I have a small library pertaining to both my garden and my kitchen. I clip material from the magazines. I compare notes with women I once would have thought beneath my notice. It is wonderful what knowledge and wisdom some of them carry under their frowzy hats.

III

It happens that our parents, all living, have their homes in the same city with us. We have at times regarded this as something of a misfortune since they have been inclined occasionally to want to supervise us and have demanded attention when we thought we couldn't give it. The disconnection that seems inevitably to befall the relations of children and parents is often a tragedy to the elders and, more often than they realize, a privation for the children.

I know that for a long time my feeling for my parents was the usual compound of contempt, arrogance, pity, and short-sightedness. Now I realize that, in trying to push them out of my life, I was robbing myself. They are the people who don't fail you when you're cornered; they open the family sock when necessary; and there are veins of good sense and nuggets of experience under their years and their sensitive, withdrawing characters that are worth mining for. I say positively that if my mother and father had died three years ago, I should never have known them. We may blame the parents and the changing times all we like for the widening river that separates them from their offspring; but I indict the children for not having the decency and sympathy to swim across once in a while themselves. That is one of the things I now have time to do.

A woman's children are her immortality. That is not, I think, merely a sentimental bromide. I love my little son very much, though I try to master that love lest it make fools of both of us. But what has come to fascinate me is something selfish — the perpetuation, through him, of the best that is in me. The psychologist will say, I suppose, that I have merely done the next best thing to being a howlingly famous woman — I have transferred my own dreams and ambitions to my

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son. This may be true; I don't know. But I am sure that my motive is not so bald and simple as that. For I am not oppressed by any crushing sense of failure; rather the contrary. What I feel that I want to do is make my successes and, most of all, my aspirations intelligible to him so that he may appreciate them, that he may extend them — and extend my life.

Certainly here is a job to tax all the intelligence, patience, character, intuition a woman may have. When to meddle and not to meddle? What to tell him? What to give him? What to deny? What to feed him? What to read to him? What, when, how to teach?

It is difficult and yet essential, I think, that the child should not be made conscious of himself as the subject of so much study and concern. Like God, one is beset by the problem of preventing the free exercise of the will, while preserving at the same time the pride and illusion of willful and judicious choosing. Like a sharper one must stack the cards for the child to win and yet allow him to feel the zest of the game. I have tried to direct my boy to a love for wild life without having him know it; toward a feeling for good music without saying, "Now, Junior, sit right down and listen to this beautiful piece, and *no fussing*." The problem, in brief, is to provide the right soil, to trench it, hoe it, fertilize and irrigate it, keep it open to the sun and the rains; and then let the young seed grow. It all takes time. It is hard work. But there is an immortality worth working for.

IV

In short, the small domain of my home has proved itself far larger than I supposed. The world is only as wide as one's spirit and imagination anyhow, whether he be a globe-trotter looking and seeing nothing, or Thoreau paddling a few miles along the Merrimac and feeling no need to see Paris. For my part I do not consider myself robbed of confidence in my individual worth; I feel more self-reliant, even though I am not earning money, and the self-determination which sent me into business has found new fields. The old belief that, once they got into business, politics, and the professions, their influence would be chastening and constructive, has proved, outside of teaching and social service, another die-hard delusion for women. Even in their traditional realms they fail to keep pace with the men: I observe that far and away the best books on child-training and gardening, even my best cook books, are the work of men. I no longer believe that I owe it to civilization to sublimate primary instincts so that they may issue forth as new, purified energies to be employed in the world's work.

It is not simply by the various patterns and gestures of married life that one attains spiritual completion in a mate. That consummation is not fortuitous, not magical. Given a partner who is not crude and not ignorant, who has congenial tastes, true *rapport* is the work of time, tact, patience, and intelligence. And while I believe there is a mutual responsibility, I believe that it falls more heavily upon the woman. To me this does not seem an unfair or blighting task. It is simply too big for too many women; they blink the challenge and cry out "oppression — slavery — double standard!" Fearing failure in the organization of a home in this terrifyingly complex and fluctuating society, they retreat to evasions, complaints, and the shibboleths of feminism. Or, if they stay at home, they tarnish, grow dull, sink into a deadly domesticity. All of which misrepresents, but does not alter, their responsibility.

The other day a friend happened in, carrying a big book. She has my old position at the office. "You are one of these queer birds," she said. "I thought you'd approve of this summary of the — what shall I say? — of the activities, of a Penguin." The book was one by Mr. Ralph Borsodi. I liked the passage, copied it out, and relay it herewith as — what shall I say? — the creed of a Penguin.

"She has to work with living things: husband, children, friends, relatives, acquaintances. She has to work with inanimate materials which include nearly everything that mankind produces: food, clothing, shelter, furnishings. Finally, she has to work with the intangibles of life which include practically all of mankind's cultural activities: society, religion, literature, music, art. . . . She works in a whole series of laboratories. . . . And in these she creates . . . a desirable environment in which to rear children, a comfortable place for herself and her mate, and a center for the good life of those within the social circle."

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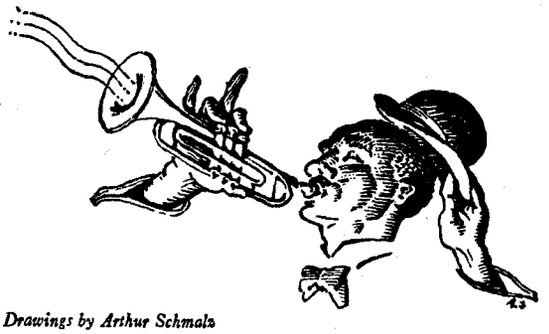
JAZZ



Drawings by Arthur Schmalz

by ISAAC GOLDBERG

"AMERICAN music is not jazz, and jazz is not music." Thus, dogmatically, Mr. Paul Rosenfeld in his tight-packed little monograph on our national composers. And the late Herr Adolf Weissmann, in his *Music Come to Earth*, inveighs against jazz as a raucous aspect of the Machine Age.

It is an old charge. More than five years ago the Reverend John Roach Straton, in his fiery sermons, crystallized the theological hatred of the new rhythms. Its practitioners were bandits and rattlesnakes; it should be outlawed. Yet, to give the undevilish fellow his due, he could have found among musicians justification for his divine animus. Sir Thomas Beecham, the athletic English conductor, was calling jazz "a sickness that has come upon music . . . a rash upon the times . . . no more important than was the polka to Bohemia, the waltz to Germany." One had thought that the waltz was a trifle important to Germany: even Wagner and Brahms paid radiant tributes to Strauss. However, let that pass. Came, then, Daniel Gregory Mason to read a brief burial service. Jazz, he declared with round optimism, was a fiasco.

Let us see about this. The machine is supposed to have turned us into robots; the age of the machine has pared life down to its bare, practical essentials. Ours, if we take its word, is an age of tonic fundamentals. Gone — but can it be forever? — the masculine admiration of female curves. Gone the melodious languorousness of the romantic composers and their long-drawn-out virtuosity. But have we really done with romanticism? Our composers who consider themselves "beyond emotion" might remember — and with them their brothers in the other arts — that "beyond" emotion may as easily mean below it as above.

The forms of modernist music favor brevity, intensity, even impersonality; its characteristic timbres are sharp, dry. Stravinksy, in his latest work, a setting of three psalms for chorus and orchestra, banishes the violins and the violas. For long the violin has been reduced to a subordinate position in the jazz band, which, despite the saxophone, is still mostly percussive. Sad fate for the erstwhile siren of the orchestra. And behold, too, what has happened to the noble organ, translated from the cathedrals of the Lord to the cathedrals of the Cinema, and degraded to the purposes of the popular potpourri. It is the clown, with cap and bells, drums, glockenspiel, and an emission of tones that at times resembles nothing so much as a snarling expectoration.

Extremes meet. Jazz, at its least inhibited, becomes hysteria, which is mad romanticism. On the other hand, the rationalism, the mathematics of percussive music, if it looks forward, looks also backward to the classical age that gave us the Bach suite and the sonata that evolved from the suite. There is thus more than an imaginary affinity between the intellectualized music of the eighteenth century and the "machine" music of the twentieth.

Machine music. Herr Weissmann, toward the end of his impassioned little opus, reveals a conflict not only with the mechanized world but with himself. "No amount of machinery," he concludes, "can produce a fundamental

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change in human nature. . . . The machine, being the work of human beings, must in the end exhaust itself as a world power, while man with all his longings remains. By relieving him of all that is mechanical, the perfected machine will unreservedly solve all its problems and thus leave man freer to serve art, which demands his independence of all material things."

I refuse to grant that art demands one's independence of *all* material things. But, really, has not Herr Weissmann, in these few sentences surrendered his carefully constructed case? Moreover, it is possible to point out that jazz, in its development, *is itself a reaction from stereotyped, mechanized living.* By that same token it justifies its ways to God and man, to Messrs. Rosenfeld and Mason, and to the shades of Straton and Weissmann.

Jazz — an Escape

Jazz, indeed, was from the first, so to speak, an unconscious effort of the machine to free us from the machine. Was anything more machine-made, more mechanical, than the ballad and the waltz-song from which ragtime helped to deliver us? It is the nature of mass production, of course, to turn a form into a formula — to make even the happiest inventions sound, by pitiless repetition, stereotypical. It has often been asserted that jazz music is nothing but a compilation of clichés. Each age, however, and each activity within any age, has its rubber stamps. The music of Bach, of Mozart, of Beethoven, rings with clichés; so does the music of Rossini, Verdi, and their brothers. In the beginning there were no clichés; it is repetition and imitation that make them.

What, indeed, is academicism but a surrender to a form that, in the hands of a true creator, was originally creative? We had *kapellmeister Musik* before we had the machine; it was, in fact, the product of a mechanized spirit.

Ragtime, and more especially jazz, even in their lowliest phases, stood for an escape from routine — not only the routine of verse and sound but the routine of living. Jazz intensified the revolt against the usual. It broke up the melodic line; it spiced up the harmonies; it brought, to take the place of bare, unimaginative accompaniment, a care-free experimentalism in the various voices. More, it broke up the old popular orchestra, wherein the violin still kinged it over the piano (not yet grown percussive) and the clarinet, cornet, trombone, cello, and small battery. So doing, it is interesting to note, the jazz band returned, as well as went forward, to percussiveness. For the band of the early minstrel shows, with its "bones" and banjos and horseshoes and pipes (in the plumber's meaning of the word), was also chiefly a rhythmic, rattlety-bang organization.

Jazz, then, was a marked advance over the popular music of a previous day. I doubt that the history of any other nation can show, in the case of its everyday song, a development at all analogous — a development that was very early to have its effect upon "serious" music. Musical categories, by the way, are not musical criteria. They cannot be, in themselves, fiasco or success. Music is either good or bad, and its "seriousness" or "lightness" is a secondary consideration. Rather, any time, a lively, vital jazz chorus, than any of the symphonies (by grace of the dictionary) that are annually stillborn in the groves of Academe.

We have in this country a type of snob that sings and listens enthusiastically to the popular music of Spain, Italy, and (now that the foreign talkies are with us) to the street music of France and Germany. But the popular music of his own country causes him to raise his hands in protest. It is jazz! Small matter that the foreign tunes he delights in are often but pale imitations of Broadway. Broadway is his own; therefore it is a poor thing. This snob has a brother; the fellow who applauds Respighi's silly use of the nightingale in the "Pines of Rome" but who deplores the clever and organic employment by Gershwin of the French taxi horns in "An American in Paris"; the fellow, again, who discovers vitality in Ravel's "Bolero" (which is simply skillful in the use of instruments) and considers the "Rhapsody in Blue" chiefly a piece of bad manners.

French musical comedy is never so sickly, from the musical aspect, as when it trails along Tin Pan Alley. It seems unvaryingly bad. German popular stuff is largely a denatured Strauss, as is attested by the audible films that she is exporting to us. Nor do I except "Two Hearts in Three-Quarters Time." But few of her composers show any ability to adopt jazz. Even the Austrian contingent, with Hungarian

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rhythms to support it, is not too felicitous, although such spirits as Emmerich Kalman, Franz Lehar, and Oscar Straus do not need to come aborrowing. None of these countries, while we were evolving from ragtime to jazz, produced — as we decidedly did — any new rhythms or new verse patterns. At the same time, too, we added humor and self-criticism — sly digs at our own weaknesses, take-offs on the simpler words and music of the older day.

If jazz had done nothing else than shake our popular music out of its torpor, its achievement would have been considerable. It has improved public taste, despite all the ineptitudes and plagiarisms and denaturings through which it has made its way, roughshod. For it has quickened the public ear, attuning it to diversity and to skill. In its own way, reflecting the course of modernism in Europe, it finally affected that modernism in a symptomatic degree. And it is still, though at a slower pace, exhibiting vitality on its home grounds.

It was with the evolution of ragtime into jazz that the business of the arranger in Tin Pan Alley took on a new and a revolutionary significance. The jazz band, once Whiteman had reduced its fantastic improvisations to paper, became strangely enough an agency of musical subtlety. It created a new field for clever — and sometimes more than clever — musicians who dressed up the popular tunes for the particular band that employed them. Jazz, so largely an orchestral function, made the Tin Pan Alley public for the first time instrumentation-conscious. And not that public alone. It introduced new color, new combinations. Contrasted rhythms, blue notes, interwoven melodies, impudent improvisations — these blended into a new spirit that gave music a new pertinency to living.

One man, George Gershwin, in himself has provided a quasi-symphonic repertory developed out of this so easily despised product of the musical slums. In 1924 the "Rhapsody in Blue," which has continued in unabated popularity and conquered Europe; in 1925 the too-little heard "Concerto in F"; in 1928, "An American in Paris"; in 1931 the "Second Rhapsody," recently played at Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony. And Gershwin is but thirty-three. Ragtime and jazz, historically considered, are the beginning and the peak of a single movement. Forty years is the span that bridges this evolution. Forty years that have produced bands like those of Jim Europe, Paul Whiteman, Ted Lewis, Vincent Lopez, and their fellows, composers of musical comedy such as Kern, Gershwin, Youmans, Rodgers, and theirs, are not to be found too easily in the history of the people's music. Crowned by the Gershwin who writes with equal facility for playhouse and symphony hall, they add distinction to distinction.

It has been said that there was nothing essentially new in jazz, and that its spirit and its process were to be discovered in the music of centuries past. So, too, ragtime was in its heyday dismissed by many as mere syncopation. Yet Brahms, as late as 1896, was attracted to the ragtime of that period and wrote to an American correspondent that he meant to experiment with its attractive possibilities. Brahms, who knew a thing or two about syncopated Hungarian rhythms, could hardly have been drawn to ragtime if it were merely a duplication or an adaptation of European syncopation. Nor, for that matter, would Debussy have written his "Gollywog's Cakewalk" in the contemporary American idiom unless his ear had sensed an essential novelty.

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From the musical Americanisms of Dvořák to the latest borrowings and acclimatizations of Hindemith, Ravel, Křének, Weill, and their compeers, the imitation of even the "serious" Europeans — frequently inept — bears witness to the core of originality in our ragtime and jazz. I am ready to grant that this in itself does not confer upon ragtime and jazz artistic validity. Artistry, we have agreed, lies not in the category, but in the treatment. This is what Gershwin meant when, one day, he suddenly remarked to me, "What the deuce do I care about jazz?" The music is the thing.

Our own toplofty composers did not deign to notice the new values introduced by jazz until these had attracted attention and imitation in Europe. Others of our new spirits, again, approached jazz not as gropers emerging from the pluggers' cubicles of the Broadway publishers, but as soundly trained theorists and executants. Gruenberg, Antheil, and Copland are among them, with the human average of hits and misses in their attempts to assimilate the peculiar qualities and suggestions of jazz.

Yet, much as one rejoices to watch the vindication of jazz in the symphony hall — and the symphony hall is by no means done with jazz — one feels that jazz does not require this endorsement in order to win justification. What it has done for popular music is enough to give it a secure place in the story of the national culture.

Words and Music

The music of our popular songs is usually written before the words. Not only the music but the melody, and chiefly the words, is the thing. With ragtime, and especially with jazz, this process was intensified, with important effects upon the "lyrics": the text, such as it too frequently is, has been rendered uncommonly flexible. The old method of word-setting, in which everything was sacrificed to the freedom of the melodic line, was responsible even in the classics for such stereotyped devices as repeating the same words and phrases *ad nauseam*. The popular "lyrist," compelled by the exigencies of the trade to fit words to music, is often confronted with melodies that tax his ingenuity; as a result, when he doesn't succumb, he provides a text bristling with inner rhythms, with piquant accents, with staggered yet undoubtedly effective meters. Without the music his lines may look stupid, yet they translate with uncommon skill the mood of the tune and in their humble way add suppleness to our prosody. Far from having mechanized our "lyrics," jazz has freed them from a deadening metric pattern.

Already in ragtime there had been an attempt to achieve variety by the repetition of a musical phrase, usually at the end of the refrain. This was not, technically speaking, an irregularity; it was the duplication of a regular element. The jazzers, weary of the stenciled refrain, with its even number of bars, have made up their mind to break through this cage. I do not refer to such conscious soarings above Tin Pan Alley as the "Rhapsody in Blue," in which Gershwin deliberately aimed to prove that jazz was something more than undifferentiated dance; or to Ray Henderson's unpublished concerto; or to Kay Swift's string quartette. I have in mind the tin-pan jazzers at their daily task of providing taps and tunes for *hoi polloi*. Close attention to the sheet music, and to the radio broadcasts, reveals an increasing number of irregular refrains — of choruses in which there is an alternation of phrases in triple time and phrases in duple time, of songs with extra bars worked in at the end of the four-bar phrase. (A few examples: "Lady, Play Your Mandolin," by the brilliant young pianist, Oscar Levant; "Without Love," by Ray Henderson; "Would You Like to Take a Walk?"; "There's So Much More," from Rodgers and Hart's musical comedy, *America's Sweetheart*). The versatile Vernon Duke, the other evening, played me a fox trot of his in 7/8 time; this is tantamount to delightful treason. It may be an earnest of what is happening among the more independent practitioners of the jazz art. In any case, it is a sign of vitality.

Most significant of all, from the present standpoint, is this: the average man, whose notion of a good tune — not always an erroneous notion and not at all moronic — is its adaptability to whistling, whistles these tunes without any unpleasant consciousness of their radicalism. Whistling, on the whole, may have declined since the days when as a youngster I practiced it in the doorway on lonesome midnights with an assiduity that elicited inappreciative complaints from the neighbors. Yet I wonder whether I am wrong in the observation that such whistling as we hear is more in tune

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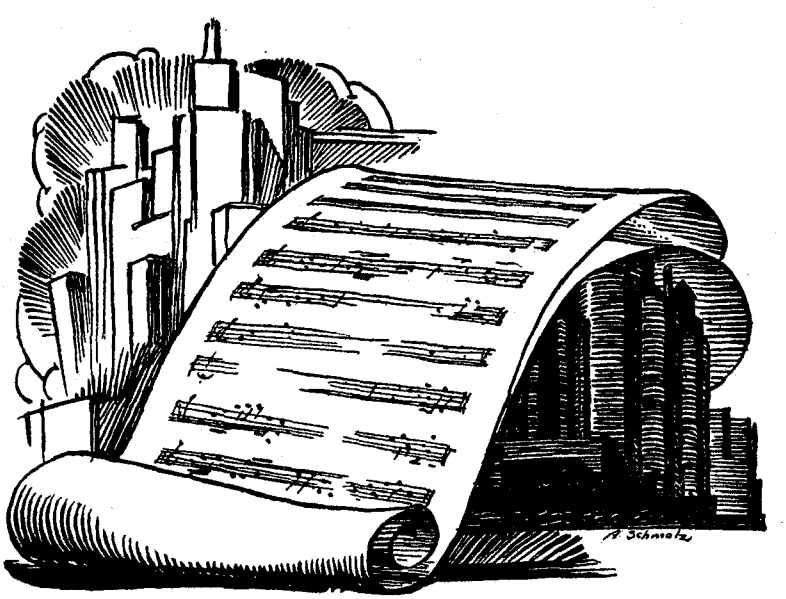
than it used to be, and more sensitive to rhythms.

However, it is not a case of out with the old and in with the new. Advance there is, undoubtedly, yet it does not mean the disappearance of old means and old matter. Of late there has been a revival of the ballad of the nineties and everything thereunto appertaining. For this there are several reasons. First of all, the public for these monstrosities never died, any more than did the public of the melodrama, so the radio helped to bring back the ballad. Reaction against "hot" jazz brought "sweet" jazz; the "torch" song, that burning symbol of blue, unrequited love, is too sophisticated and, at bottom, insincere for the commoner. It is after all virtuosity, not veracity. Further reaction was bound to return in the direction of the Simple-Simon sob. So that, while at one end of Tin Pan Alley we witness a reaction toward virtuosity, complexity, and modernism, at the other we discover the ancient simplicities poking their unashamed heads up from behind the piano. "Art may come," they sing, "and art may go, but we live on forever."

Now, to ask of jazz a reformation of contemporary music, or to criticize it upon such a basis, is fatuous. Rather, let us see whether, in the story of any other country's popular music, there has been any evolution to compare with that of ragtime and jazz. That American street music should, from its own miasma, have produced scores aiming at, and occasionally achieving symphonic values, is of historic importance. We recognize, in speech, an "American" language — a President's American — as distinguished from the King's English. Why should we be deaf to an equally "American" accent in music? Mr. Irving Schwerké, the French propagandist of American music, has very sensibly written, "Why America is to be blamed and the rest of the world praised for using jazz . . . must forever remain a mystery."

That jazz should have insinuated its way into the symphonic and operatic scores of a devitalized Europe provides, if nothing more, a highly interesting footnote in the history of modern music. For the first time in the history of the arts, Europe, through jazz, became a debtor continent to us. That jazz should breed, out of its own mechanization, irregularities to combat that machinery, lifts it by that same token above the commercial levels at which most of it is written and consumed.

If this is a "fiasco," then we may well wish for the popular music of other nations, and for our own, a few more such fiascos.



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Young Men in Politics

by **WILBUR CROSS**
Governor of Connecticut

I

WHEREVER I go I find young college graduates intensely interested in the social and political affairs of Soviet Russia. If the subject comes up, as it generally does, in the talk at an informal gathering, the discussion at once becomes animated. Their remarks show that they are reading newspaper reports, magazine articles, and books dealing with Russian issues eagerly and thoughtfully. But when the conversation turns to American politics, the tone, until very recently, has at once changed. The life has gone out of it. Evidently they have not followed the speeches of our public leaders as they have followed those of Stalin. They have been inclined to treat the latest scandals in our municipal governments with boredom or cynicism. "Lousy" has been their word for the whole business.

Why is this so? Why is it that every summer increasing numbers of intelligent, alert young Americans take the fairly arduous and expensive trip to Moscow to see what is going on there and yet show so little desire to learn at first hand what is going on in Washington? I do not for a moment think that it is because they are all converts to Communism — or ever really expect to become converts. The answer is not so simple as that.

I believe that behind the enthusiasm among recent college graduates for visiting Russia is, first of all, the fact that they have been assured a warm welcome. Young people have always been peculiarly sensitive about going where they are not wanted, and the youth of our day, for all their confident air and loud talk, are no exceptions to this rule. By extensive and clever propaganda and by special facilities provided for sight-seeing, the Soviet Government makes young foreign tourists feel that they are wanted in Moscow to-day. And it assumes, apparently quite rightly, that they wish to learn something of the social and political life of the country as well as of its museums and picture galleries.

Again, the young are naturally empiricists, and their school and college training in the scientific laboratories, in the courses in history or economics or sociology, if it has meant anything at all to them, has deepened their interest in experimentation. Now, whatever one may think of it, the fact is that a tremendous political-social experiment is being conducted at this moment in Russia. The whole country is obviously a vast laboratory. Its present rulers lose no opportunity to advertise the novelty and boldness of their effort. The fundamental premise of the entire structure is that this is a changing world and that they are the first to give effect and direction to the new movement of post-war life.

It is easy to see why, from this point of view, Russia exerts a fascination over young Americans fresh from their studies of civilization or science as a process of evolution. Nothing is further from my intention here than to present a brief for the Soviet Government. It may well be that experiments, social or economic, if not political, are now afoot in this country that will have a greater influence on history than anything that is happening in Russia. My point merely is that, if this is the case, they have not been effectively presented to the younger generation as vital or novel issues either in the speeches of our public men or in our conventional party platforms.

And this brings me to another reason for the vividness of the young American's interest in Russia. There is no question that, all superficial signs to the contrary in this year of grace, youth is still a period of crusading. The early twenties are a time of no compromise, of ardent loyalties and equally ardent prejudices. One does not have to be a professional psychologist to detect in the casual indifference or cynicism of many of the remarks one hears or

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overhears from young Americans the working of a defense mechanism resorted to in order to conceal positive interest or emotion. The attempt at casualness is too pointed. Even the bored and skeptical "Yeah?" which Miss Ferber has pronounced the keyword in the speech of young America may hide a genuine spark of inquiry.

However this may be, the Russian Communists are engaged in a crusade for a program stated in no negative or uncertain terms, for which their leaders are fighting with every ounce of their energy. No one can get the impression that all groups or parties there have much the same middle-of-the-road principles at bottom or that Communist leaders fail to lead. And it is this aspect of Soviet Russia, I think, which most attracts young visitors today. They are made to feel in Moscow that the business of government is alive and serious, and that it is also the business of youth.

II

How is it with us? Let us picture the candidates who, having completed their courses in economics, history, and social science, come up for degrees each June at our colleges and universities. I have listened with thousands of them to Commencement addresses. The speaker emphasizes the duty of each graduate to take an active and enlightened part in public life. Perhaps he quotes the words of Cicero that the completion of all knowledge lies in its application to the affairs of state. If he does not, he generally expresses the same idea.

What happens as a result of all this? Usually nothing. When the college graduate returns to his home, he finds that the older men whose intelligence and integrity he most admires are "not in politics." They speak of politics as a "hopeless" or "dirty" game. They discourage any incipient desire the young citizen may have to take an active part in municipal affairs, where he would naturally expect to make a beginning. The newspapers bear out their comment. Unless he has a great deal of money which may be tapped for party funds, or some exceptional personal connection with a man in office, no party leader makes any overtures to him, much less seeks him out. And so he goes his way. During a recent state campaign, a number of young college men came to me and said that they would like to do something, but they did not want to "butt in." Rightly or wrongly, they had got the fixed impression that their services might not be welcome. They had no information at hand about the proper way of offering them.

Suppose the young college man is unusually aggressive and tries to push his way into the public life of the community. In that case, he is confronted by political organizations more closely knit than formerly for their own purposes. This is particularly true of state governments. Ordinarily the chairman himself holds no public office; but his control of his party's organization is absolute and undisputed, and sometimes relentless. He must be shrewd and astute; but beyond that he need not be overintelligent. His job is to win elections, not so much in the interest of the public welfare as in the interest of his organization, which is held together by patronage, large and small, extending downward into towns and boroughs, wherever his arm can reach. Members of legislatures may engage in hot debate over the business that is permitted to come before them. But they really initiate nothing of importance on their own motion. At the proper moment comes a crack of a whip and all talk ceases. The bill under consideration passes or the bill fails, as determined by the organization that has a majority in the legislature.

An omnipotent oligarchy, wearing perhaps the face of benevolence, may thus get into the saddle and popular government be reduced to a gesture. The young college man is not obtuse. He has a quick eye and sees exactly what the situation is. He is too independent to submerge his will in the will of a party leader. If he has succeeded in getting into the legislature, one term is enough for him. Again he steps aside and finds his occupation elsewhere.

I have said that young people are by nature and education empiricists. It is well that this is so, for without experimentation there is no possibility of intelligent advance, and the life goes out of any enterprise. Now, we are all constantly repeating the phrase that the world is changing before our eyes. The generation that has been growing up since the war has seen tremendous changes take place in the map, in government, and in social and economic organization. Naturally it looks to find some of these changes reflected in the political language of the day.

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Too often what it actually finds is a restatement of time-worn ideas in slightly altered phrasings. Every four years the tariff planks and the other stocks in trade of the political orator are brought out again with little attempt to adjust them to current facts. Real issues are obscured by ambiguous terms. Prohibition is, of course, one of the great social issues now before the country. It has been rightly described by President Hoover as an "experiment," and, if one may judge by the discussion and the polls on the subject in our colleges, the younger generation takes a keen interest in this experiment. Yet the campaign speaker naturally treats it in such a way that his friends among the drys can prove that he is dry, and the wets can claim him equally well for their own faction. How can we expect to awaken young people to activity in American politics while such a state of things persists?

If a natural tendency is blocked in one direction, it will turn in another. Denied or discouraged on the political and social side, the desire of American youth to experiment and reform has lately found an outlet in the arts. I am told that in centers such as Hull House, once devoted to social crusading, the crusading is now being done more in music or painting or literature. In Yale's iconoclastic journal, the best-written article so far published dealt with the subject of architecture. It is heartening to see new blood being injected into the arts. Yet our democracy cannot but feel seriously the loss to the public business of the best minds among its rising citizens. And on their side, these same minds are losing the chance of enrichment offered by participation in social and political causes.

III

I HAVE remarked that youth is the time of strong loyalties. These tend to center around personalities even more than around causes. Yet this country has had since the days of Roosevelt and Wilson no preëminent political figures that appealed especially to the imagination of the young. To-day no party leader commands from them the esteem and admiration in which they hold, for example, Mr. Justice Holmes. American college students read with no little enthusiasm about the unbroken line in England of fine and able men who have gone from the great universities into high positions in the state, each generation training its successor in the art of government. But they do not see ahead of them any such line of men who have gone to Washington from their own campuses.

Lately we have not only had an unfortunate lack of men in the highest public offices with the gift of arousing the respect and support of the young, but we have had worse than that. The record of the Harding administration with its pitiful slogan "Back to Normalcy" after all the terrific sacrifice of the war, and the recent disclosures of abuses in such cities as New York and Chicago, have tended to shake all faith in the integrity and intelligence of public officers. These are unpleasant matters, but they cannot be avoided if we are to understand the political psychology of the Americans who are growing up with the present century. In the circumstances, there can be small wonder that most of them have preferred to look on at the spectacle of government from the side lines.

There was a time when it was otherwise. Once it was the ambition of young college graduates to bear a hand in building up the nation. They were given a fighting chance. Jefferson, a graduate of William and Mary's college, was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses at the age of twenty-six. He was but thirty-three when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Madison, a Princeton man, was only twenty-five when he was elected a delegate to the Revolutionary Convention of Virginia in 1776. In the next decade, he and Hamilton, a Columbia man six years his junior, were writing the Federalist Papers and laying the political and economic foundations of the new Republic. Washington, who at the age of twenty-three had been placed in command of the military forces at Virginia, made Jefferson his Secretary of State and Hamilton his Secretary of the Treasury, while Madison was reserved as an unofficial adviser, later to be elected President. Our government was then a young man's business.

Although I do not see any young Hamiltons or Jeffersons on the political horizon to-day, there are some hopeful signs. A number of gifted young college men, following the distinguished lead of Walter Lippmann, are exerting social and political pressure through editorial work in our dailies or weeklies. There

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is a sprinkling of them in our state legislatures and even in Congress. One of my colleagues among the state governors is just thirty-four. The organization known as the Crusaders has a good representation of men in their twenties and thirties among its members.

How can more of them be brought actively into our public life? This might happen at any moment in either of two ways. It might come about through the rise to political eminence in one of the great parties of some leader with the force of personality, mind, and speech that draws youth like a magnet. Failing the appearance of such a leader, it might still come about through the adoption by one of the parties of a bold, unequivocal, and progressive platform on the major issues of the day, and a serious effort by its organizers to recruit them into its ranks. If neither of these things happens within a reasonable time, we must be prepared for the possibility that intelligent young voters now aroused will cut loose from the old parties and form a new party, and make it one to be reckoned with, as has been the case with the Labor party in England.

There can be no doubt that among the more recent college graduates, who are feeling it sharply, the present depression is acting as a spur upon interest in public affairs and their conduct. For the first time in many years, young people are beginning to recognize that national policies directly affect them. Lacking other jobs, they may now do well to go further and look around for any jobs in municipal or state offices that may be open to them. Badly paid as these usually are, they now contrast favorably with many business positions, and the experience to be had in them cannot but prove rewarding.

This brings up the classic objection to politics as a career in this country — that men or women of integrity without private means cannot afford to embark on it. For the majority, certainly, I can see no way around that objection from the purely financial point of view. The number of positions is small indeed, even including the foreign services, in which there is to-day any reasonable certainty of tenure or any reasonable chance of promotion. Still there are a few such positions. Those in the consular service especially have attractions for adventurous minds beyond the salary, and many others offer training for short periods in the handling of men and affairs that may be turned to valuable account in business.

Those who have jobs but because of the slow pace of business now have also an extra amount of leisure on their hands, and those who because of financial independence need not seek for paid positions at this crisis, I advise to give politics a trial as an avocation. Party organizations do not always prove to be as tight as they look when they are approached by resourceful persons. The thing to do is to crawl in through some loophole, and then, if you find that you are in the wrong crowd, crawl out again and find or form your own crowd. One is no longer born, as in Gilbert's day, either a little Liberal or a little Conservative. Once an educated man who knows how to deal with his fellow beings is inside the right fence, he may exert influence, and with skill, patience, and zeal may win his way to some position of leadership. In any case, active-minded, observant young people should find the experience worth-while in itself as an opportunity to put to the test theories that they have studied inside college walls.

Usually a long road must be traversed by the young man who enters upon a political career before he can reach a conspicuous post in the national government. He may never arrive at the goal of his aspirations; but there is a field for him in local and state governments, where the problems, though much simpler, are equally economic. Consider, for instance, the question of taxation as it affects the welfare of a town or a municipality. In that one question is involved the organization of the local government, the prosperity of business from the manufacturer down to the small storekeeper, the maintenance and extension of roads and streets, adequate support of public libraries, public schools, and humane institutions, along with a multiplicity of other details necessary for the material and spiritual prosperity of a community. Nowhere else do the people receive so little for what they pay. With some notable exceptions, town and municipal governments are run primarily in the interest of the party in power. Offices are created to the fullest extent possible for political heelers. When the citizens threaten to revolt, then an attempt is made to appease them by shifting the burden of taxation to the next generation through bond issues, which

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are mounting higher and higher every year. This process has been going on for a long time until now scores of municipalities in the United States are on the verge of bankruptcy. Some have already gone over the precipice. Here at his door the young college man has a rare chance to perform a service which his fellow citizens are not likely to forget. It is one that should challenge both his intellectual powers and his public spirit.

IV

I BELIEVE that never before have American college graduates had so good a preliminary equipment for public office as they have to-day. I am aware that the newspapers, with lurid reports of their dissipations and cocktail parties in a land of prohibition and steady habits, sometimes give the impression that college students haven't the stamina for politics or anything else that means getting down to hardpan. It is, of course, true that there are too many wasters and drifters among them. Yet the great majority, as one who has long lived with them well knows, are really interested in a good deal of their work, including history and social science.

They have immense advantages to-day over former generations. Comparatively speaking, the college training of Hamilton and Jefferson was very meager. It consisted of hardly more than elementary mathematics and some Latin and Greek, with a smattering of ancient history. The great universities now provide, under the ablest scholars in the world, studies in political science, economics, sociology, government, and public law, and the political, social, and economic history of the United States and other countries. It is a wide sweep of knowledge, which embraces, beyond literature, the natural and physical sciences and the new psychology developed within the present century, all of which have important bearings upon the problems of government.

In my undergraduate days, college students as a rule were but little interested in public questions. We rarely discussed them. Not until my senior year at Yale, when William Graham Sumner spread before us the great issues in political and social science, did we come to know much about the complicated economic problems of the modern world. Then it was too late to specialize in them. Go now anywhere you please among groups of students and you will find them debating the financial crisis here and in Great Britain or Franco-German relations. They talk about war debts, reparations, and the Far Eastern situation. Some of them understand the political and economic ideas lying behind Italian Fascism, and most of them know the latest news from Russia. Partly through the exigencies of our national depression and partly through this interest in foreign affairs, in which it is clear that we are daily becoming more entangled, the attention of students and young graduates is being turned toward American political and economic questions. The next step should be to translate intention into action. This is the moment to make the experiment — with the most exciting election since the war nearly with us.

Such a deadlock as now exists between the older and the younger generations in the field of politics always looks hopeless until some able man or able group rises to break it. The present situation is in the nature of a direct challenge to the older generation. If the seasoned leaders are wise, they will take account of the political and social awakening which the current crisis is producing among the young, and they will turn it to constructive use by speedily placing before them candidates and issues that will rouse them further from lethargy.

The present situation is a still stronger challenge to robust American youth. I should emphasize the word *robust*, for the political scene is no place for the anæmic dilettante, who is unwilling and unable to learn how to meet hard blows and stubborn opposition. But the opportunity is already in the hands of our muscular young citizens to take the initiative, to make up their minds what our democracy needs, and to use all their educational equipment and organizing powers to get it. From my brief experience in state government, I have learned one thing that our democracy needs to-day above all others. It is the energy of intelligent, aggressive, and well-trained young men and women in practical efforts for the public welfare. For their own full and vigorous development as much as for that of the country, I have no hesitation in saying to those who can stand a cold plunge: Come on in — the water's fine!

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White-Collar Slavery

by **AN EX-SLAVE**

As one of them, I am familiar with the characteristics of the white-collar worker. Indeed, his type is familiar to us all: he is downtrodden, docile, apathetic, a mere cipher in the Big Business he serves. But how he gets that way is not generally so well known. My own experience may serve to illustrate it.

I lived through two years of clerical serfdom with a large concern which sells miscellaneous merchandise at retail in many cities throughout the country. What I say here, while referring specifically to this one company, is also true to a greater or lesser degree of other large corporations; so true that I feel justified in citing my own case as typical. Were my illustrations without parallel in other concerns, I might well be accused of airing a personal grudge; but, though some of the details may seem extreme, my experience has been and is being duplicated in many offices.

To the many who have no jobs in these jobless days it may seem petty and ungrateful to call attention to the unhappier aspects of any paid position, the idea being that anybody who is lucky enough to be drawing a salary ought to overlook whatever drawbacks his job entails. Still, depression or no depression, there is such a thing as self-respect, and I hold that it is important to any man. My experience with this particular firm, this One Big Family — for so its executives loved to term it — indicates that the worker is often expected as a matter of course to sacrifice this self-respect to his weekly wage.

Running the Gauntlet

When I approached the personnel man of the establishment in which I was to serve, he greeted me with the same degree of cordiality that J. P. Morgan might accord to Comrade Stalin. Precise, impersonally polite, and radiating a numbing chill, this functionary put his questions in courteous and well-modulated tones, so casual as to disguise the fact that his inquisition was a formula learned by rote. They were simple, harmless, ordinary questions. My name and address, of course. My age. Was I employed at present? What positions had I held? What sort of position was I seeking? What were my salary expectations? Married? Any children? Ever been discharged from a job?

Reasonable, and not too intrusive, surely. Then, as I began to feel a bit at my ease, the personnel expert's manner changed. His tones became less casual, his questions more personal, more incisive, more difficult to answer. I realized that as an applicant for work I was suspect, that I was under the unpitying scrutiny of a psychoanalyst. My replies became less assured, more halting, lest unwittingly I reveal the jealously guarded secrets of my past. I felt that my very reticences cried out against me, that I was sunk, and that in the mind of my questioner I was a psychopathic subject, no less. While in this funk I was turned over to another exponent of the personnel profession. Before the second questioner finished with me, my existence from the cradle to that present agonizing moment had been plumbed to its depths.

All the while the second ordeal lasted not a word was uttered about any job being open in the organization, or the salaries paid, or any kind of hint as to the sort of establishment into which, by the grace of God and my own merits, granting I had any, I might happily be privileged to enter. Only questions, questions, until, limp and sweating, I was waved aside to bide the outcome of a conference between my two examiners. Apparently they agreed in their diagnosis of my case, for after perhaps an hour's fearsome wait I was ushered into the office of a third examiner. By this time my self-esteem was pretty thoroughly riddled and I was buoyed up only by the not too certain

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prospect of obtaining the job. However, my third ordeal was not too terrifying; or perhaps I had become inured to it. The same questions were asked of me, my third inquisitor adding a few of his own. His manner was as impersonal and altogether owlish as that of the understrappers. The third interview at an end, I was directed to a seat in the reception room.

There, after a long wait, the first examiner came to me. More in sorrow than in anger he catalogued the flaws in my character and behavior. I was told that the index finger of my right hand bore an obvious nicotine stain; that I tapped my feet nervously during the interview; that I squirmed in my chair at certain crucial moments; that I surveyed the lining of my hat on several occasions, when my gaze should have been directed, manly fashion, straight into the eyes of my tormentor. Trifles, these, but they pointed out inerrantly to the interrogator an emotional instability and indicated that, not to put too fine a point on it, at times I might be inclined to stray from the strict truth.

However, the examiner was willing to go further into my case, and he handed me an application blank. It contained a dismaying list of questions to which answers in writing were required. My need of a job was such that it outweighed all the outraged protests of my manhood, and so I spent the rest of the afternoon filling in answers to many questions, some pertinent, others unbelievably impertinent. So much information about my private life and that of my kin was sought by this form that I concluded that whatever positions were open must be of great responsibility, with salaries commensurate.

Nevertheless, I hesitated before filling out and returning that form. I felt it was degrading, stultifying, humiliating. Yet I needed the job badly. My parents had done the best they could in providing me with a good home and as good an education as their slender means allowed. They needed my help now. I decided that I ought to stifle my feelings and do my best to land the job. In the list of questions that I answered, only those that seemed egregiously prying and inexcusable on any count have been included in the following:

Is your married life harmonious? If not explain circumstances. Divorced? Who instigated divorce proceedings and why?

Are both your parents living? If so, living together?

Do you own an automobile? Make, year, cost? Did you purchase it for cash or on the installment basis? Is it fully paid for? If not, how much is still owing?

If you own an automobile, where do you keep it garaged? How much garage rent do you pay?

What recreations do you indulge in and to what extent? Do you play golf? Name of club, location, initiation fee, yearly fees? Where have you spent your summer vacation for the last five years? State respective years at each place.

Name the social organizations, clubs, lodges, and other associations you belong to and state annual dues of each respectively.

What is your religious faith? What church do you attend?

Who is your family doctor? Who is your dentist?

Do you own your own home? Describe type of house and state original cost.

Who holds first, second, and third mortgages? How are these mortgages amortized?

Do you rent any part of your home? To whom? Rent received?

Do you live with your parents? What board do you pay?

Does your husband or wife work? Occupation, salary, name and address of employer?

What insurance policies do you carry? Company, type, beneficiary, amount, annual premium?

Have you any savings bank accounts? In what banks? Do you have a checking account? In what bank? In what name or names do they stand?

Do you borrow from your bank? What amount do you owe at present?

Have you a safe deposit box or any interest in one? In what company?

Do you have any building and loan accounts? In what companies?

Are you indebted to any loan company? How much? When due?

Do you own any stocks or bonds? Amount, security, dates purchased, price purchased?

Give history of any partial payment contract you are a party to.

Do you owe any money to any relative, friend, or acquaintance?

When the preliminaries of filing my application had been completed, I had a short breathing spell while the company investigator made a searching check-up of my answers on the application blank. A few days later I was notified to appear at the company's office. Not unreasonably I concluded that I had cleared the last hurdle and that a position was mine for the taking. I reported at the office with somewhat less trepidation than on my first call. I was even disposed to feel cordial and a bit grateful toward the personnel man who now greeted me. Any impulse to be expansive with him, however, was checked at the outset, for his manner was as aloof as ever. I had another hurdle to clear. I was told I would be

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"tried out on the job," provided the company doctor pronounced me physically fit.

I passed this final test and was formally received into the family. A solemn handclasp, a few grave words of admonition, and something feelingly and reverentially murmured about the ideal nature of the One Big Family relationship I had been privileged to assume, and the ceremony of my induction was over. My salary was to be $40 a week, a really liberal emolument for a beginner, I was assured. Whatever my own doubts about this, I was glad to get the position and eager to be at my tasks, where, I was told and believed, my industry, loyalty, resourcefulness, and ambition would carry me far.

The Treadmill

So I began my service, aglow with the high purpose to prove myself worthy of the shining ideal of the business family concept. These cheering reflections were slightly dashed at the very outset, when my boss assigned a number to me. To my employers henceforth I would be merely a combination of digits. My desk, pencils and pens, locker, time-clock card, even my mail, would bear the cabalistic device which served me as alternative to a name.

Formally labeled for identification purposes, I was prepared to hear the few simple rules and regulations that were to govern my conduct within the charmed circle of the family. I must be seated at my desk and working every morning at 8:30 o'clock. Thereafter I was to continue at my tasks without let or stop throughout the day, save for the luncheon period; and except also that I might leave my desk only for imperative personal reasons. Unnecessary talking during working hours was forbidden and regarded as a major sin against efficiency. Bringing newspapers into the office also was on the *verboten* list. Besides being a distraction in the temptation they offered to reading, there was also the chance that the workers' glances might stray to the Help Wanted columns.

When the sanctity of these rules of conduct had been duly impressed upon me, I was led to my desk and there introduced to my chief taskmaster. Here was efficiency hitting on all six. This silent arbiter of my toil, as impersonal as I myself had become under the anonymity of my recently acquired tag, was a printed chart on which were outlined the duties of each employee of the division. On this chart, under my number, were described the details of the operations required of me, with the maximum amount of time allowed for each operation.

In some offices where super-efficiency is practiced, solicitous paternalism has devised a way to make the performance of tasks within the allotted time as nearly automatic as is humanly possible. At ten- or fifteen-minute intervals throughout the working day, a bell rings to announce the completion of the time allowed for one operation and the beginning of another. A hard-driven clerk, listening to the successive clangings of this bell, can appreciate the mental state of the prone boxer who hears the gong counting him out. He knows that if too many strokes of the bell find him behind time, the organization will yank him out like a decayed tooth. On the other hand, he will be penalized for efficiency, for should he reduce the time allowed to do his stint, a proportionate increase in his tasks is made. As the reduction in time is gradual, the addition of new work at first is not noticed. Which is entirely unimportant, for in any event there is nothing he can do about it. Although our office had no bell, we knew very well that the same penalties awaited us.

All this was rather more impersonal and machinelike than I had supposed customary in a business office. I was not disheartened, however, for I knew system was indispensable to my firm in its huge operations. Had I been less ardent, more cynical and hard-bitten, the dull, cowed, driven expression of my fellow clerks might have given pause to my exuberance.

I very soon was made to realize that efficiency and net profits were foremost considerations with my employers, that the units of the family were but cogs in an office machinery that, for all its smooth rhythm and placid hum, was deliberately geared to grind their human entities into malleable pulp. Loyalty, industry, and ambition continued to be smugly preached by my superiors, but very soon I knew that the purpose was to spur me on to work and more work, and that hope of substantial reward for my efforts was a will-o'-the-wisp.

These shibboleths, however, are not the sole reliance of employers to squeeze the ultimate ounce of production out of their families.

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Subtly and adroitly an appeal to fear is introduced. A spirit of friendly rivalry is induced between the different departments, between the divisions within the departments, and finally between the employees within the divisions. What begins as a manifestation of commendable *esprit de corps* degenerates into bitter competition, a dog-eat-dog struggle, as department heads furtively watch each other's every action to be sure their authority is not undermined or their functions usurped. Each department is led to worry and fret lest the other find a weak part in its machinery.

The fear spreads to the divisions and on through the ranks of the employees. The numbered office workers are urged by their chief clerks to speed up their tasks for the honor of their divisions. And, if they seem to hold this honor too lightly as reflected in the toll of their daily stint, they are reminded that "times are bad and jobs hard to get nowadays." My experience with this sort of thing took place in the pre-depression era, but there has never yet been a boom so great that an office slave with a family to support could not be intimidated with the observation that "jobs are hard to get." His fear my be evidence of a craven disposition, but fear it is — and, I think, an understandable one. Sometimes the unctuous chief prefers to vary the recital of this truism by basing his appeal on purely ethical grounds. Then he prates piously about "service" and the call it has upon the worker's better nature, if any. I was constantly being "pepped up" by my chief's feeling reference to me as a soldier battling against a host of ruthless, price-cutting, unscrupulous, and altogether nefarious competitors.

Discipline in the business family is honored as the handmaid of efficiency. In our office we were under its rule every minute of our working days. No casual stroll to an inviting window for a quick inhalation of fresh air, or for a moment's change of scene from the deadeningly stale view within the office walls, was permitted. Should the worker be called to the reception room to meet a business caller, the interview must be confined to the time limit our employers regarded as reasonable. Should he go beyond the limit, one of his taskmasters would follow him and suavely wave him back to his desk on the pretext of more pressing business there.

When the lunch period arrived each clerk was expected to leave the office, or continue working. That is, he might not, no matter what the state of the weather, his health, or inclinations, remain in the office merely to relax. That would savor too much of loafing, a mortal affront to efficiency. Furthermore, should he be a gregarious creature who enjoyed lunching in company with a fellow worker, after a few such indulgences of his social nature he was firmly told by his office chief that such familiarity was discountenanced by his employers. It was particularly objectionable to them should his luncheon companion chance to be a subordinate.

Smoking in the neighborhood of the office was regarded as a pernicious habit, enervating in its effects upon the physical and mental fiber of a clerk. Of course, it was not tolerated within office precincts. This embargo on tobacco did not apply, as a rule, to the bosses, who were supposed by long apprenticeship in self-control to have become immune to possible toxic effects on their schooled moral and cerebral natures. Nor had I better dare to sneak a hasty drag or two on a cigarette on such occasions as I might have to go from one building to another for the transaction of some business. My time in transit was checked up, and should it vary too widely, it was for me to explain the delay. In yet more intimate particulars discipline dogged us. Too long an absence in the washroom, or too frequent visits thereto, were considered matters of sufficient gravity to justify a conference of chief clerks.

Humiliating as this espionage was to us, we were more fortunate in this intimate particular than the employees of another large concern engaged in a business similar to our own. There it was the practice to reward some office worker who showed promise as a sneak by affording him opportunity for preliminary training in snooping. Sometimes he obtained this training in an assignment to station himself outside the women's washroom, there to reprimand girls as they emerged for their violation of the office regulation against two employees from the same division simultaneously attending to the calls of nature.

Otherwise, hardly any detail of our personal habits was considered to be outside the legitimate supervision of those who paid us our weekly hire. If any of us missed his daily shave,

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he was paternally reminded of the omission. If our attire, in the opinion of our mentors, was too modish in cut or too resplendent in hue for the chaste atmosphere of the office, we were sure to be advised in what constituted sartorial propriety for a clerk. Should one of us sport a flivver, and the fact become known to our employer, he was counseled that his modest income did not warrant the extravagance. Contrariwise, should he be of a thrifty and domestic nature and venturesome enough to buy a home on mortgage in the suburbs, his chief would kindly warn him against the fallacy of burdening himself with time payments on his meager salary, at the same time describing to him the advantages of living near his work.

My deliverance from this hateful thrall happily had come before the depression. How the superb efficiency of this company met the situation I am not in a position exactly to say, but from first-hand knowledge I can be pretty sure that it operated along lines similar to those of another company of the same stripe. In that concern, when the first cloud appeared, a committee was created composed of chief clerks from each department. Theirs was the task of reducing expenses in an organization where, to the uninitiated, it might seem that the irreducible minimum already had been attained. The committee, however, without half trying, soon discovered numerous employees whose services could be dispensed with in a pinch. The spectacle of this sacrifice to retrenchment, it was shrewdly believed, would be enough to put the fear of the Lord into those fortunate enough to be spared in their jobs. Also, any later necessary cuts in salaries would be accepted more submissively by the victims.

The first combings of the committee did not end there. Their work was reviewed by a corps of super-efficiency experts, who separated still other workers from their jobs, including some members of the original decapitation committee. Poetic justice went even further. As a master stroke, the company's first vice-president's head fell into the basket. The unholy glee afforded by this comic dénouement to those first bereft of their jobs may be imagined.

The Spy System

Our company's system of office espionage was a tower of strength regulating the work, habits, and personal lives of thousands in the accumulation of net profits. The underlying principles of spying are the same wherever not too squeamish men countenance it, but the methods of their execution vary. Ours was a model of excellence that illustrated the operation of the system at its highest efficiency point. The first line of offense was a body of trained executives, supplemented by a larger but less expert troop of employed recruits. The latter were not selected haphazardly; they must have exhibited to their employers tendencies that indicated their aptitude for the work. With us the personnel department was merely a euphemism for the major espionage corps.

Some of the snooping the trained exponents of the art were called upon to perform in their tour of duty was repellent to anyone of decent instincts, but with the true humility of Little Brothers of Efficiency, our undercover men stooped to it. When an employee reported himself ill for more than two or three days in succession, the matter called for their attention. In the guise of a medical investigator, the company spy would call at the home of the absent one and solicitously inquire of his condition. If the employee did not seem to the investigator ill enough to warrant his absence from the office, it was so reported to his superior and the supposed malingerer fired.

The case of the amateur, or second line, office sleuths was somewhat different. Their routine duties included spying upon their fellow clerks, and their superiors as well, for evidence of indiscretions, misdemeanors, indecorum of any kind; in fact, any and all sorts of breaches of conduct, official or private, and offenses against the sacred name of efficiency. These offenses did not exclude such venial sins as smoking in the washroom, or showing obvious politeness to a subordinate. The most apt of these spies — that is, those who turned up the greater number of instances of the sinful natures of their fellows — received slight increases in salaries and promotions. The less proficient were accorded the need of praise and the encouragement of promised rewards should they prove unflagging and resultful in their work of snooping on their fellows.

The spy system of our firm was efficient, yet it seemed to me that it fell short of the perfection of meanness attained by that of another concern, a rival of our own company. Their

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surveillance of employees was constant, searching, and merciless. Every six months their personnel men drew up a "rating report," in which the employee's work and conduct were frankly reviewed. This secret dossier contained notes on the ability with which the employee performed his tasks; the degree in which he was, or was not, amenable to discipline; his aptitude for various tasks; his loyalty to the Founder (one of the shining virtues); his weaknesses and indicated vices; his infractions, if any, of the firm's commandments; and any choice tidbits of his private life that could be garnered in ways short of actually peeking through keyholes. The report then proceeded to rate its subject according to character, personality, honesty, piety, ambition, health, and loyalty. Perhaps, also, his regularity as a staunch supporter of the Anti-Saloon League and the Republican Party.

Rebellion

It is not entirely just to cavil at the white-collar worker's meek acceptance of the conditions of his servitude. There are millions of him. They are quite as inarticulate as Gandhi's dumb millions, with the important difference that they have no Mahatma to speak in their cause. Long before I severed my connection with this firm I had shed all the bright illusions with which I entered its service. Yet I held on, even after I had become aware of the cant, the cruelty, and the cold-blooded purpose of its executives to annihilate the spirit of those in their employ.

I needed the job, for one thing. I could not indulge in the only protest I could make against the hypocrisy I loathed. Against the evidence of my senses, I tried to persuade myself that no management in reality could be so heartless, so soulless, so greedy for profits, so altogether indifferent to the common rights of their employees and to the ordinary duties toward them inherent in employers, as seemed the case with my firm.

I had given the firm the best that was in me of cheerful service, of willing loyalty, of faithful compliance with its rules. I had received several promotions. Presumably others were in store for me. But they left me cold, for I knew the price I would be expected to give for them was greater than I would be willing to pay. I was right, and the day came when I had to choose the alternative. In words that could not be misunderstood I was told that, while my work otherwise was satisfactory to my chief, I could not hope for advancement unless I should exhibit a greater interest in the maintenance of the *esprit* of the office. Which meant, it was explained when I asked to have it made clearer, that I should observe, and report on, my fellow workers' conduct, both within the office and without it, whenever it was such as to tend to impair this *esprit*. I refused to do it, I resigned on the spot, and my resignation was accepted, to take effect at the end of that week.

In effect, it was a summary dismissal for me, but I did not regret it. I felt for the first time in two years that I had reclaimed my lost self-respect; that at last I had redeemed myself for my two years' acceptance of intolerable conditions that in time would surely have led to the disintegration of my character. I have never since regretted it. For one thing, my subsequent experience as a white-collar worker has been far happier, and such as to restore somewhat my faith in American employers.

Furthermore, I can reasonably expect a less melancholy ending to my clerical saga than would be the case had I remained a member of the One Big Family. I could look forward in the latter event, should my service therein extend to a quarter century, to the fitting observance of the event by my appreciative employers. This would take the form of an award to me of a handsome, shiny button attesting my membership in the company's Twenty-five Year Club. Should my cycle of serfdom spin out to the half century, the unhappy event would be even more signally marked. My employers would give me the accolade of an even shinier button, plus a modest banquet to celebrate my induction into the Fifty Year Club.

After that, not much more in the way of grateful recognition of faithful service could be possible. If soon thereafter I should falter, then fail, in my allotted tasks, the cause of sacred efficiency would demand that cognizance be taken of the breakdown of my mental and physical powers. Regretfully, but none the less firmly, the company would relieve me of my duties. But not on a pension. That would be a Socialistic, unscientific, and wholly unbusinesslike procedure. Besides, there would be the matter of dividends to be safeguarded.

Thank God, I have escaped this finis.

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A Trip to Czardis

A Short Story

***by* EDWIN GRANBERRY**

It was still dark in the pine woods when the two brothers awoke. But it was plain that day had come, and in a little while there would be no more stars. Day itself would be in the sky and they would be going along the road. Jim waked first, coming quickly out of sleep and sitting up in the bed to take fresh hold of the things in his head, starting them up again out of the corners of his mind where sleep had tucked them. Then he waked Daniel and they sat up together in the bed. Jim put his arm around his young brother, for the night had been dewy and cool with the swamp wind. Daniel shivered a little and whimpered, it being dark in the room and his baby concerns still on him somewhat, making sleep heavy on his mind and slow to give understanding its way.

"Hit's the day, Dan'l. This day that's right here now, we are goen. You'll recollect it all in a minute."

"I recollect. We are goen in the wagon to see papa —"

"Then hush and don't whine."

"I were dreamen, Jim."

"What dreamen did you have?"

"I can't tell. But it were fearful what I dreamt."

"All the way we are goen this time. We won't stop at any places, but we will go all the way to Czardis to see papa. I never see such a place as Czardis."

"I recollect the water tower —"

"Not in your own right, Dan'l. Hit's by my tellen it you see it in your mind."

"And lemonade with ice in it I saw —"

"That too I seen and told to you."

"Then I never seen it at all?"

"Hit's me were there, Dan'l. I let you play like, but hit's me who went to Czardis. Yet I never till this day told half how much I see. There's sights I never told."

They stopped talking, listening for their mother's stir in the kitchen. But the night stillness was unlifted. Daniel began to shiver again.

"Hit's dark," he said.

"Hit's your eyes stuck," Jim said. "Would you want me to drip a little water on your eyes?"

"Oh!" cried the young one, pressing his face into his brother's side, "don't douse me, Jim, no more. The cold aches me."

The other soothed him, holding him around the body.

"You won't have e're chill or malarie ache to-day, Dan'l. Hit's a fair day —"

"I won't be cold?"

"Hit's a bright day. I hear mournen doves starten a'ready. The sun will bake you warm. . . . Uncle Holly might buy us somethen new to eat in Czardis."

"What would it be?"

"Hit ain't decided yet. . . . He hasn't spoke. Hit might be somethen sweet. Maybe a candy ball fixed on to a rubber string."

"A candy ball!" Daniel showed a stir of happiness. "Oh, Jim!" But it was a deceit of the imagination, making his eyes shine wistfully; the grain of his flesh was against it. He settled into a stillness by himself.

"My stomach would retch it up, Jim. . . . I guess I couldn't eat it."

"You might could keep a little down."

"No . . . I would bring it home and keep it. . . ."

Their mother when they went to bed had laid a clean pair of pants and a waist for each on the chair. Jim crept out of bed and put on his clothes, then aided his brother on with his. They could not hear any noise in the kitchen, but hickory firewood burning in the kitchen stove worked a smell through the house, and in the forest guinea fowls were sailing down from the trees and poking their way along the half-dark ground toward the kitchen steps,

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making it known the door was open and that within someone was stirring about at the getting of food.

Jim led his brother by the hand down the dark way of yellow-pine stairs that went narrowly and without banisters to the rooms below. The young brother went huddling in his clothes, aguelike, knowing warmth was near, hungering for his place by the stove, to sit in peace on the bricks in the floor by the stove's side and watch the eating, it being his nature to have a sickness against food.

They came in silence to the kitchen, Jim leading and holding his brother by the hand. The floor was lately strewn with fresh bright sand and that would sparkle when the daybreak got above the forest, though now it lay dull as hoarfrost and cold to the unshod feet of the brothers. The door to the firebox of the stove was open and in front of it their mother sat in a chair speaking low as they entered, uttering under her breath. The two boys went near and stood still, thinking she was blessing the food, there being mush dipped up and steaming in two bowls. And they stood cast down until she lifted her eyes to them and spoke.

"Your clothes on already," she said. "You look right neat." She did not rise, but kept her chair, looking cold and stiff, with the cloth of her black dress sagging between her knees. The sons stood in front of her and she laid her hand on first one head and then the other and spoke a little about the day, charging them to be sober and of few words, as she had raised them.

Jim sat on the bench by the table and began to eat, mixing dark molasses sugar through his bowl of mush. But a nausea began in Daniel's stomach at sight of the sweet and he lagged by the stove, gazing at the food as it passed into his brother's mouth.

Drawing by Steele Savage

Suddenly a shadow filled the back doorway and Holly, their uncle, stood there looking in. He was lean and big and dark from wind and weather, working in the timber as their father had done. He had no wife and children and would roam far off with the timber gangs in the Everglades. This latter year he did not go far, but stayed near them. Their mother stopped and looked at the man and he looked at her in silence. Then he looked at Jim and Daniel.

"You're goen to take them after all?"

She waited a minute, seeming to get the words straight in her mind before bringing them out, making them say what was set there.

"He asked to see them. Nobody but God-Almighty ought to tell a soul hit can or can't have."

Having delivered her mind, she went out into the yard with the man and they spoke more words in an undertone, pausing in their speech.

In the silence of the kitchen, Daniel began to speak out and name what thing among his possessions he would take to Czardis to give his father. But the older boy belittled this and that and everything that was called up, saying one thing was of too little consequence for a man, and that another was of no account because it was food. But when the older boy had abolished the idea and silence had regained, he worked back to the thought, coming to it roundabout and making it new and as his own, letting it be decided that each of them would take their father a pomegranate from the tree in the yard.

They went to the kitchen door. The swamp fog had risen suddenly. They saw their mother standing in the lot while their uncle hitched the horse to the wagon. Leaving the steps, Jim climbed to the first crotch of the pomegranate tree. The reddest fruits were on the top branches. He worked his way up higher. The fog was now curling up out of the swamp, making gray mountains and rivers in the air and

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strange ghost shapes. Landmarks disappeared in the billows, or half-seen, they bewildered the sight and an eye could so little mark the known or strange that a befuddlement took hold of the mind, like the visitations sailors beheld in the fogs of Okeechobee. Jim could not find the ground. He seemed to have climbed into the mountains. The light was unnatural and dark and the pines were blue and dark over the mountains.

A voice cried out of the fog:

"Are worms gnawen you that you skin up a pomegranate tree at this hour? Don't I feed you enough?"

The boy worked his way down. At the foot of the tree he met his mother. She squatted and put her arm around him, her voice tight and quivering, and he felt tears on her face.

"We ain't come to the shame yet of you and Dan'l hunten your food off trees and grass. People seein' you gnawen on the road will say Jim Cameron's sons are starved, foragen like cattle of the field."

"I were getten the pomegranates for papa," said the boy, resigned to his mother's concern. She stood up when he said this, holding him in front of her skirts. In a while she said:

"I guess we won't take any, Jim. . . . But I'm proud it come to you to take your papa somethen."

And after a silence, the boy said:

"Hit were Dan'l it come to, Mamma."

Then she took his hand, not looking down, and in her throat, as if in her bosom, she repeated:

"Hit were a fine thought and I'm right proud . . . though to-day we won't take anything. . . ."

"I guess there's better pomegranates in Czardis where we are goen —"

"There's no better pomegranates in Czardis then right here over your head," she said grimly. "If pomegranates were needed, we would take him his own. . . . You are older'n Dan'l, Jim. When we get to the place we are goen, you won't know your papa after so long. He will be pale and he won't be as bright as you recollect. So don't labor him with questions . . . but speak when it behooves you and let him see you are upright."

When the horse was harnessed and all was ready for the departure, the sons were seated on a shallow bed of hay in the back of the wagon and the mother took the driver's seat alone. The uncle had argued for having the top up over the seat, but she refused the shelter, remarking that she had always driven under the sky and would do it still to-day. He gave in silently and got upon the seat of his own wagon, which took the road first, their wagon following. This was strange and the sons asked:

"Why don't we all ride in Uncle Holly's wagon?"

But their mother made no reply.

For several miles they traveled in silence through their own part of the woods, meeting no one. The boys whispered a little to themselves, but their mother and their uncle sat without speaking, nor did they turn their heads to look back. At last the narrow road they were following left the woods and came out to the highway and it was seen that other wagons besides their own were going to Czardis. And as they got farther along, they began to meet many other people going to the town, and the boys asked their mother what day it was. It was Wednesday. And then they asked her why so many wagons were going along the road if it wasn't Saturday and a market day. When she told them to be quiet, they settled down to watching the people go by. Some of them were faces that were strange and some were neighbors who lived in other parts of the woods. Some who passed them stared in silence and some went by looking straight to the front. But there were none of them who spoke, for their mother turned her eyes neither right nor left, but drove the horse on like a woman in her sleep. All was silent as the wagons passed, except the squeaking of the wheels and the thud of the horses' hoofs on the dry, packed sand.

At the edge of the town, the crowds increased and their wagon got lost in the press of people. All were moving in one direction.

Finally they were going along by a high brick wall on top of which ran a barbed-wire fence. Farther along the way in the middle of the wall was a tall, stone building with many people in front. There were trees along the outside of the wall and in the branches of one of the trees Daniel saw a man. He was looking over the brick wall down into the courtyard. All the wagons were stopping here and hitching through the grove in front of the building. But their Uncle Holly's wagon and their own drove on, making way slowly as through a crowd at a

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fair, for under the trees knots of men were gathered, talking in undertone. Daniel pulled at his mother's skirts and whispered:

"What made that man climb up that tree?"

Again she told him to be quiet.

"We're not to talk to-day," said Jim. "Papa is sick and we're not to make him worse." But his high, thin voice made his mother turn cold. She looked back and saw he had grown pale and still, staring at the iron-barred windows of the building. When he caught her gaze, his chin began to quiver and she turned back front to dodge the knowledge of his eyes.

For the two wagons had stopped now and the uncle gotten down and left them sitting alone while he went to the door of the building and talked with a man standing there. The crowd fell silent, staring at their mother.

"See, Jim, all the men up the trees!" Daniel whispered once more, leaning close in to his brother's side.

"Hush, Dan'l. Be still."

The young boy obeyed this time, falling into a bewildered stare at all the things about him he did not understand, for in all the trees along the brick wall men began to appear perched high in the branches, and on the roof of a building across the way stood other men, all gaping at something in the yard back of the wall.

Their uncle returned and hitched his horse to a ring in one of the trees. Then he hitched their mother's horse and all of them got out and stood on the ground in a huddle. The walls of the building rose before them. Strange faces at the barred windows laughed aloud and called down curses at the men below.

Now they were moving, with a wall of faces on either side of them, their uncle going first, followed by their mother who held to each of them by a hand. They went up the steps of the building. The door opened and their uncle stepped inside. He came back in a moment and all of them went in and followed a man down a corridor and into a bare room with two chairs and a wooden bench. A man in a black robe sat on one of the chairs, and in front of him on the bench, leaning forward looking down between his arms, sat their father. His face was lean and gray, which made him look very tall. But his hair was black, and his eyes were blue and mild and strange as he stood up and held the two sons against his body while he stooped his head to kiss their mother. The man in black left the room and walked up and down outside in the corridor. A second stranger stood in the doorway with his back to the room. The father picked up one of the sons and then the other in his arms and looked at them and leaned their faces on his own. Then he sat down on the bench and held them against him. Their mother sat down by them and they were all together.

A few low words were spoken and then a silence fell over them all. And in a while the parents spoke a little more and touched one another. But the bare stone floor and the stone walls and the unaccustomed arms of their father hushed the sons with the new and strange. And when the time had passed, the father took his watch from his pocket:

"I'm goen to give you my watch, Jim. You are the oldest. I want you to keep it till you are a grown man. . . . And I want you to always do what mamma tells you. . . . I'm goen to give you the chain, Dan'l. . . ."

The young brother took the chain, slipped out of his father's arms, and went to his mother with it. He spread it out on her knee and began to talk to her in a whisper. She bent over him, and again all of them in the room grew silent.

A sudden sound of marching was heard in the corridor. The man rose up and took his sons in his arms, holding them abruptly. But their uncle, who had been standing with the man in the doorway, came suddenly and took them and went out and down through the big doorway by which they had entered the building. As the doors opened to let them pass, the crowd gathered around the steps pressed forward to look inside. The older boy cringed in his uncle's arms. His uncle turned and stood with his back to the crowd. Their mother came through the doors. The crowd fell back. Again through a passageway of gazing eyes, they reached the wagons. This time they sat on the seat beside their mother. Leaving their uncle and his wagon behind, they started off on the road that lead out of town.

"Is papa coming home with Uncle Holly?" Jim asked in a still voice.

His mother nodded her head.

Reaching the woods once more and the silence he knew, Daniel whispered to his brother:

"We got a watch and chain instead, Jim."

But Jim neither answered nor turned his eyes.

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The Puritan Still Walks

by **JOHN HYDE PRESTON**

I

In a recent article about the United States, M. André Maurois regarded with gentleness the figure of the Puritan. It must have dismayed the younger rebels to hear a modern speak of the Puritan as a contemporary. It must have dismayed them even more to be reminded that M. Maurois had just spent four months at Princeton, in the midst of lively young Americans, and was writing of what he had seen and heard.

Of all the startling things about the freedom of the younger generation, the most startling is the thought that perhaps this freedom does not exist at all. It exists in novels, in plays, in articles. It exists in the minds of people, like Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Russell, who want it to exist. It exists in certain rare creatures who would have possessed it in any age. But that its existence is so widespread as has been supposed, is highly doubtful. America is as full of paste liberties as she is of paste diamonds.

Few aspects of the 1920's are so impressive as the activity of its chroniclers. They pursued the shadow of "the new emancipation" with the single-mindedness of fanatics. Out of a few unhappy, restless beings, they created a generation. Out of a few nervous years, they created a decade of decay. Out of a few misdeeds, they created a legend of libertines.

It would seem rank heresy to say aloud that the so-called "flaming Youth" of the 1920's was a gigantic publicity stunt conceived by skillful manipulators who had set for it a fantastic stage; but perhaps that is the most forthright way to put it. The writers of the time were as much the parents of that generation as the mothers and fathers who brought these young people into the world. They got a great idea and spread it like a color over the face of humanity. The novelists suddenly found themselves with fabulous bank-accounts; the play-wrights found their audiences crying for more. They gave them more. Each tried to out-jazz the other; each new book was more shocking than the last.

The young people gazed upon this exaggerated picture of themselves with mixed bewilderment and ecstasy. Slowly they absorbed the idea that their lives were pretty dangerous, after all. They began to think that they should live up to their public reputations. A few of the most restless followed their fictional prototypes. The rest, more stable and less daring, put on a surface imitation that bore enough

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semblance to reality to deceive any novelist over thirty. It was this surface imitation that gave rise to the professional lamenters.

II

All that was back in the 1920's — that is to say, in the very distant past. Now we have completed the second year of the 1930's. The world seems to be much the same, except for a little unstableness in business where unstableness is common. Not all our young men lie in drunkards' graves. Not all our young women have lost their health. The prophets of disaster must find these facts remarkable.

Perhaps there is even a reason for these facts. Surely the most remarkable thing of all — the one thing that any good young liberal would deny — is that the ghost of the Puritan has never been exorcised. As M. Maurois has discerned so justly, that ghost is still very much alive. He is all the time walking in our midst with a disquieting step. Of all the spirits of our past, his is the most active and the most fruitful.

No young American who has been raised in the conventional way — and most of us have been — can hope to escape him utterly. He is present on the dance floor of the country club, in the smoke-filled rooms of speakeasies, and in the average marriage bed. His austere features frown even on the conversation of intimates. His bony fingers restrain the hand of the young lover who is caressing his beloved. These young lovers try to deny him, but they cannot quite succeed. One of them said to me the other day:

"I am getting old. I can no longer sleep with a woman unless I am in love with her. I used to be able to, but I was always upset afterwards. Now it is almost physically impossible."

But few are so honest. Most of them put on a vain front of braggadocio and bravado that is not difficult to see through. They would like you to believe that they lead intense and colorful lives; they would not object to your thinking that they are slightly Casanovian.

If they really were so, they would not dwell upon it so constantly. It is obvious that they would like to be, some of them, but their consciences will not permit it. Always in them is the struggle between desire and the fear of desire. They do not wish to be prudish; neither can they become completely free.

As a consequence, they do the worst thing they could do: they compromise with reality. They go half way, and stop — and talk about the rest. It is this compromise, the manifestations of which are surface and often very public, that has led to the legend about the recklessness and immorality of the younger generation.

III

It would be absurd to deny that there is a certain laxity of morals among us. But there has been a laxity of morals in every age. There was no more promiscuity in New York and Philadelphia in 1930 than there was in those same cities in 1780 — that mad year when all the women had a cult of what they called "easy behavior." The mistake we Anglo-Saxons of the twentieth century have always made is to compare ourselves with the Victorians; our perspective seldom goes back of 1850. Because we seem to have greater freedom than our grandparents, we forget that *their* grandparents had greater freedom than we have.

We are very shocked or very thrilled, according to the nature of our minds, about young people who live together before marriage. But it has always been a commonplace; the do-not-open-until-Christmas idea of the wedding night has never been taken seriously in any sophisticated age. We are shocked or thrilled, again according to the nature of our minds, by young women who find themselves dissatisfied with their business-bent husbands and who take on a lover in quest of a happiness they have never tasted. If we think back half a century to our long-suffering grandmothers, we can easily think we have gone a long distance, because the reign of Victoria was remarkable in the way it blanketed the whole Anglo-Saxon world with silence and reticence in matters of sex. But if we think back a century and a half, we will not only see that we have changed very little but that also we are apt to be, on the whole, far more intelligent and far more spiritual about our transgressions.

But these people who are intelligent and spiritual about love and sex are not the concern of this article; they are as stable as they were yesterday and will continue to be tomorrow and to-morrow. They have found their

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happiness, and one never need worry about happy people. They are not wondering if what they do seems the right thing in the eyes of the moralists, because they have gone far enough to know what the moralists will never know — that the thing which brings them peace and joy is always the right thing. These people are at once secure and admirable.

The concern of this article is with those other young people, the great majority, who have never been able, or have been afraid, to attain this complete personal freedom, the freedom to decide and to act, and whose strainings after it have created a spectacle as mad as it is pathetic.

IV

At any American country club, at Bar Harbor, at Greenwich, at San Francisco, at Palm Beach, this spectacle can be beheld in full blossom. Here are the young people who think they have been set free from the trammels of the past. Here are the young people who say they are proud to be without a God, without any obligations to their families, without conscience. It is instructive to watch them dance. They hug each other frantically; the young man lays his chin in the soft round of his partner's neck and he is sometimes known to bite lightly; their thighs are pressed together. They jump and titillate to the rhythmic explosions of the orchestra. The very time of the music is a symbol of phallic excitement. The swinging, dreamy dance-tunes of the past, tender and romantic, seem dull compared to this strange expression of the sex urge.

That young man and young woman dancing so passionately together would seem to be an image of love for all eternity to contemplate. But they are not lovers at all. This becomes evident when the young lady is whirled off by another young man whom she embraces with as much passion as the first and to whose chin she offers the sweet curve of her neck. A long kiss in the middle of the dance floor is not a surprise but a commonplace. It seems to make no difference whom they embrace or whom they kiss, so long as they get a chance to enjoy themselves.

The spectacle is not restricted to country clubs. It exists wherever young people congregate — at schools, at colleges, at night-clubs, at cocktail parties. It exists in drawing rooms and in parked cars. Once to be left by the roadside was to be neglected; the new illusion of freedom has brought the roadside back into American life, and no young lady who finds herself there is ever neglected.

It is here that we see the real confusion at the heart of this generation. It is here that we see the most pathetic and unfortunate results of this modern "liberty" and "the emancipated woman" — the emaciated woman, insists a friend of mine. Here we see what happens when independence is not cherished for its own sake but because its opposite is hateful.

These young men and women who "neck" in parked cars or entwine their limbs about each other on the sofa, have been accused on all sides of vulgarity, sensation-seeking, and immorality. No doubt the accusations are all justified. Such conduct is vulgar to the onlooker — and there is no attempt at privacy — because he knows that it is often done as a bid for his attention and that part of the fun is gone when the audience is gone. It is sensation-seeking because it does not need any strong emotion to inspire it. It is immoral because it is not satisfying and takes away more than it can give.

An acid observer might term it promiscuity. He might go so far as to question whether it is not just as promiscuous, and perhaps more vicious, than any honest sexual promiscuity.

But there is another side to it. These young people are really searching for something. They are searching for affection, for love, for human companionship. Pathetically and childishly, in the awful loneliness of those who are not loved, they reach out their arms. They desire tenderness and understanding and the sweet light in the eyes, dreamed-of but as yet undiscovered, of the beloved one.

They have been educated by their favorite novelists to believe that they are free and unrestrained. Nice girls will tell you, with emotional expectancy, how they would feel no scruples in going off "for a week-end" with any man they really loved. Some of them do; they are the more fortunate and honest. But the rest, the majority? — they never go far beyond talking about it. Most of them, when they come to the side of the bed where they expect to taste the glories of love, find that bed already occupied by the large and immovable specter of the Puritan. Seldom will even quantities of

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synthetic gin induce that specter to arise and go.

But their hunger for love is still unfed. Being unable, because of the Puritan, to indulge in normal satisfaction, they sit on the side of the bed and discover a substitute. That substitute is one of the most extraordinary and vicious mechanisms of this age. It takes a variety of forms, but it may be generally defined by the word "necking."

"Necking," as a form of amorous expression, is not new to the twentieth century; it is as old as human nature. It used to be known as "the love approach" or "the love play"—a prelude to sexual intercourse. It has always been considered indispensable to the full enjoyment of coition, but it has had very little meaning beyond that.

This generation has given it a meaning by itself. In past times, even in times that were the most loose, no woman would allow a man to go so far with her unless she meant to carry the episode through to its logical conclusion. The modern woman, who is distinguished in other things by sportsmanship, seems to feel no scruples in exciting a man into a state of violent emotion, then only to deny him further liberty. There used to be a label for such women, but few men seem to use it nowadays. It appears that the men enjoy whatever privilege they are accorded and ask for no more. The half-freedom of our day has made these things acceptable.

Nothing could be more destructive and enfeebling. The most flagrant promiscuity of the real sort would be health-giving in comparison with this. To be worked up into a state of intense sexual excitement, and then to be prevented from giving it outlet, is tragically debilitating to the nerves and to the body. It is at once gruesome and unreal. The great Dutch physician, Van der Velde, in his book on *Ideal Marriage*, grows eloquent in his warning against such false stimulation. The Jesuits of the sixteenth century devoted a document to its dangers. The ancient Greeks whipped women whose coyness dictated that they sometimes deny their husbands.

No less important than its effect on the body and the nerves are its psychological aspects. Young men and women who make this sort of "love" throughout their adolescence can easily fall into the pattern; soon the art of real love-making may be beyond their reach. If they dissipate their youth in false sexual emotions, what kinds of wives and husbands and lovers will they make? The intense spirituality that is so necessary to make great lovers will have been suffocated by a thousand unreal experiences. The survival value of the sexual act, which psychiatrists speak of, will have been so insulted and threatened by a thousand pointless episodes that sex will have lost its beauty and its meaning.

Another result of this promiscuous necking is that it has killed all the charming little displays of spontaneous affection between the sexes. If you impulsively snatch a woman into your arms and kiss her, it is taken as an invitation to neck; that it might have been no more than a sudden expression of joy is never thought of. It seems a great pity. We all have moments when we are overwhelmed by tenderness or delight, when an embrace is an outlet of the same sort as laughing or weeping. Maeterlink, in *Pelléas et Melisande*, has a line: "Sometimes even old men have need to kiss the cheek of a young girl or to touch the hair of a child." It is a simple need of the heart, and it is saddening to have that need misinterpreted.

But now the sexes are suspicious of each other. Misinterpretations are in order. Young men and women have been so long dissatisfied with their necking forms of love that sex has come to be something meaningless and casual. They are hard-boiled about it. Romance, the civilization of sex, is scorned. True tenderness is regarded with curiosity. They dwell on sex with a morbid insistence, but it has become nothing more than a form of excitement. What the hell, they say; it's just biology!

V

WELL, what the hell? They really don't know what they think about it. Even the most calloused still have a gleam of hope that it may still prove as sweet as they first conceived it. They go on, getting tight on bad liquor, waking with hangovers, getting tight again, and necking, whether they like it or not, because it is the accepted thing to do for amusement.

This business of getting tight is another form of the compromise with reality, so prominent in America to-day. Drink breaks down the dread barrier of reticence and opens the way

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into a freer world. A young girl who might normally be shy of letting a strange boy caress her body will permit it after a few shots of gin. The same is true of our dancing; when you hear a young undergraduate talk you understand that no girl is any fun unless her dancing is so voluptuous that you can imagine you are in bed with her and can get the desired reactions. Jazz is popular because it allows of movements which suggest the act of intercourse.

These are the fruits of our "freedom." These nervous, dissatisfied young men and women are the harvest of our "liberation." The country clubs and the speakeasies are havens to which we have fled in our vain desire to escape the Puritan, and necking and drinking and sexual dancing are merely the contortions into which we have twisted ourselves in an effort to pull out of his clutches. We assert that he is dead; yet we keep right on paying him "hush-money."

In this compromise with the Puritan something of beauty and dignity has gone out of our lives. We cannot help feeling that we have lost something very real, and all those empty gin bottles are tokens of our bereavement. We are asking ourselves whether we can ever be quite happy under this masquerade of freedom. We wonder what the cost will be for indulgence in these mock liberties. We wonder if a true physical marriage can ever mean anything to those who have contented themselves so long with puerile imitations of the love gestures and have gone to bed, as it were, with their overcoats on? We wonder if this parody of love has become such a habit that real love would not be recognized if it should come. We wonder if we shall be worn out before we start to live.

The whole generation is caught in a dilemma. Young men and women are obliged to neck and get tight, not just because they dream of finding some flitting sense of happiness in it, but because they would be thought "queer" or prudish by their associates if they refused. The reader will ask: "If they are miserable now, why don't they try the free love they talk so much about? Wouldn't that be more dignified and healthy?"

The answer is that all of them who think it would solve their problems would like to try it, that a few of them do, but that the majority do not possess the courage. Free love could only work harm to those for whom the specter of the Puritan is always present at their festivals. There has never been a philosophy of morals that could satisfy both expedience and desire. Fear in the mind is apt to be a little stronger than hunger in the heart. Venus is an enticement, but the Puritan is a threat.

It becomes plain that the idea that we are "free" has been more than an intellectual error. It is an idea that has deceived and jaded us, physically as well as spiritually. In spite of all our novelists and all our sentimental liberals and all the Bertrand Russells in the world, the Puritan is still very much alive. In our cities and our villages and in every stratum of society, he takes a terrific toll of energy. We know that, if we are ever to be at peace, we must do something about him, but the problem of what to do has gravely perplexed us.

It is for each young man and woman to make the decision according to the lights of his own nature. But the decision must be made. If we wish to preserve our health and our dignity, it is for us to meet the Puritan face to face. We must either conquer him or surrender to his demands. There is no meeting him halfway. If we can stand up and slay the Puritan in open battle, than we may attain a real freedom where good taste, and not fear, will dictate what we do. But so long as we think we can escape the Puritan by running away, we shall be doomed to lives of confusion, of remorse, and of unhappiness.

This is the fifth of a series of articles on the younger generation and its problems. Many of those scheduled for future issues have been written by authors hitherto unknown. The Editor will be glad to consider any article submitted for this series provided it deals with a subject not previously touched upon.

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TOASTS

PAUL HUTCHINSON, managing editor of *The Christian Century*, first went to China in 1916 and spent a number of years there supposedly editing the various publications of the Methodist church. "Actually," he says, "the Methodist mission paid my expenses during five glorious years, while I went wandering around the country, for to admire and for to see, under the guise of 'inspecting the missions.' I even wrote a Guide to Mission Stations in Eastern China — a rare item of Hutchinsoniana now unfortunately out of print." Mr. Hutchinson has published two books on China, and is now at work on a self-descriptive volume called *Storm Over Asia*. He has been on the staff of *The Christian Century* for more than eight years, and has also done several series of special articles for the *Christian Science Monitor*. He lives in Chicago.

JAY FRANKLIN disguises under a pseudonym his identity as an independent political observer with official connections in Washington. He is the author of *What This Country Needs*, and has previously contributed several articles to THE FORUM.

CASEY JONES is vice-president of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, in charge of public relations. He was well known as an Army flyer and instructor during the war, and on his return to this country became associated with the Curtiss company, organizing for them the Curtiss Exhibition Company. He remained with them in this capacity until 1925, and during this period he competed with conspicuous success, each year, in the National Air Races. In 1928, after two years' experience as a test pilot, he expanded the Curtiss-Wright Flying Service on a nation-wide scale, setting up flying bases in thirty-five strategically located points throughout the country. He is generally considered to be one of the men who have been most instrumental in developing commercial aviation along sane and conservative lines.

W. BÉRAN WOLFE, author of *How to Be Happy Though Human*, is Director of the Community Church Mental Hygiene Clinic in New York. He is a practicing psychiatrist, and was formerly assistant to Dr. Alfred Adler in Vienna.

FRANCES FROST has written two books of verse, *Hemlock Wall* and *Blue Harvest*.

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN has been President of Princeton University since 1912. Prior to that time he was professor of logic there, and is the author of numerous books on logic and philosophy. He was born in Peoria, Illinois, the son of a minister, and himself received theological training.

LEON TROTSKY, now in exile on a small island near Istanbul, Turkey, is one of the great figures in modern Russian history. In 1905, as President of the St. Petersburg Soviet, he led the first abortive attempts at revolution. Later, as organizer and leader of the insurrection of October, 1917, he commanded the forces of the Bolshevik revolution and, as People's Commissar of War, organized the defense of the new Soviet government. Later he became involved in discord with Stalin, after Lenin's death, and in 1927 was ousted from the Executive Committee of the Third International. The first volume of his History of the *Russian Revolution* has just been published.

JANE ALLEN was born in Chicago and is now living in California. She is twenty-eight, is married to a journalist, and has one son. In spite of her recent change of heart, she thinks there is a great opportunity for an intelligent liberal newspaper in California, and would like to write a column for it.

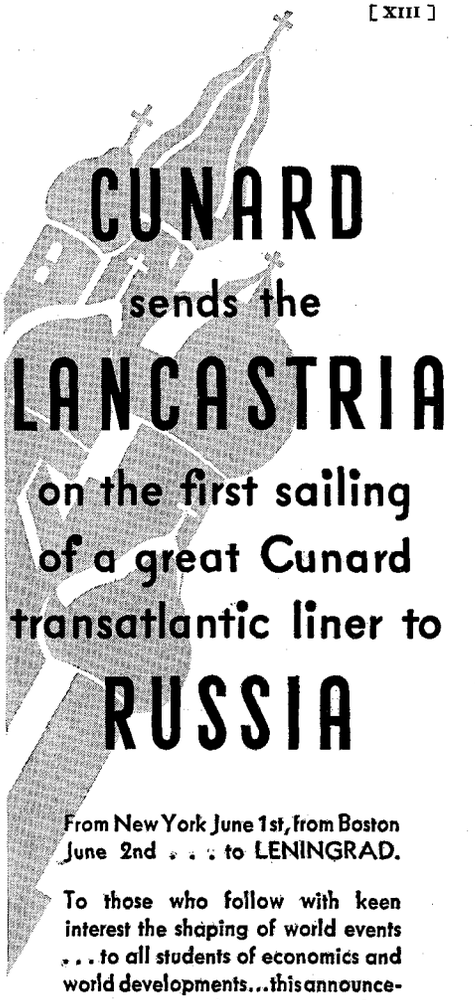
ISAAC GOLDBERG, with the partial purpose of vindicating the rights of gaiety as art, has written three books on the lighter phases of English and American music — *The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan*, *Tin Pan Ally*, and *George Gershwin*. He has also written books on H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, and Havelock Ellis. Mr. Goldberg is an authority on modern Spanish-American and Portuguese-American literature — on which he is now giving a special course at Harvard. He lives in Roxbury, Massachusetts.

WILBUR CROSS, Governor of Connecticut, was for many years Professor of English and Dean of the Graduate School at Yale. At the time of his nomination by the Democratic party he was, and still is, editor of the *Yale Review*. He has always been interested in political economy and politics, though until recently only as an academic observer, and his classmates and associates, knowing his leanings, used to refer to him as "Senator." Governor Cross is the author of a number of distinguished books on English literature.

Our EX-SLAVE has spent the twelve years since he left high school in nine different office jobs, the monotony of which was relieved only when he was fired by one firm for "insubordination" and at another time when he slung hash for the crew of a freighter for six months.

EDWIN GRANBERRY is the author of several novels, among them *Strangers and Lovers* and *The Erl King*, and is shortly to publish another, *New World Saga*. He comes from the South, but now lives in East Orange, New Jersey.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON is the author of *A Gentleman Rebel*, a biography of Mad Anthony Wayne. Born in 1906, he qualifies as a member of the younger generation.



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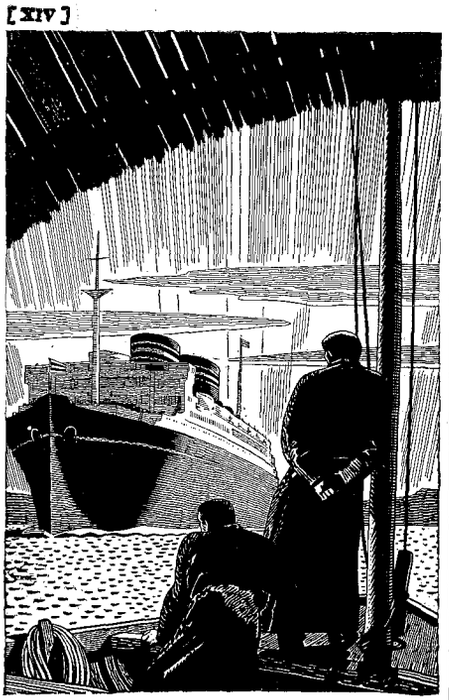

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TRAVEL NEWS

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A UNIQUE feature of the new Lloyd Sabaudo passenger liner *Conte di Savoia*, launched last October, is the giant stabilizer plant, which marine engineers claim will prevent the ship from rolling in the heaviest seas and will provide an almost certain guarantee against seasickness. The *Conte di Savoia* will enter the New York-Mediterranean service this summer. Her speed of twenty-seven knots an hour will enable her to make the crossing from Naples to New York in six and a half days. The present average crossing between these two ports requires about nine days.

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL

ON APRIL 23, the date on which the birth of Shakespeare is celebrated, the new Shakespeare Memorial Theater on the banks of the Avon will be officially opened. This splendid modern theater has been designed to allow an audience of a thousand people to see and hear to perfection. A restaurant is connected with it for the convenience of its patrons. Surrounding the new theater are picturesque terraces and gardens, which, together with a well planned river landing, fit in admirably with the delightful medieval setting of Shakespeare's town. Contributions from citizens of the United States defrayed the greater part of the costs of construction, and the fund raised in excess, amounting to approximately 100,000 pounds, will be held as an endowment to perpetuate the memory of Shakespeare in a "living theater" of accomplished players.

IN THE CAUCASUS

RAILROADS cannot cross the titanic barrier of the Caucasus, but three great motor highways — the Georgian Mountain Highway, the Ossetian Mountain Highway, and the Sukhum Mountain Highway — have penetrated to the very heart of this region. Several thousand Americans touring Soviet Russia last summer made the unforgettable drive from Vladikavkas over the Georgian Mountain Highway to Tiflis, gay mountain capital of the Soviet Republic of Georgia. Other Americans took knapsack and rifle and hunted Caucasian brown bears and wild boars. More adventurous tourists climbed some of the smaller mountains and shot ibexes and chamoix. This year a number of mountain climbing and hunting parties will strike out from Tiflis at different times during the summer. As travel conditions improve in Soviet Russia, it is expected that more and more visitors from all lands will come to see the wonders of this vast

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Travel News

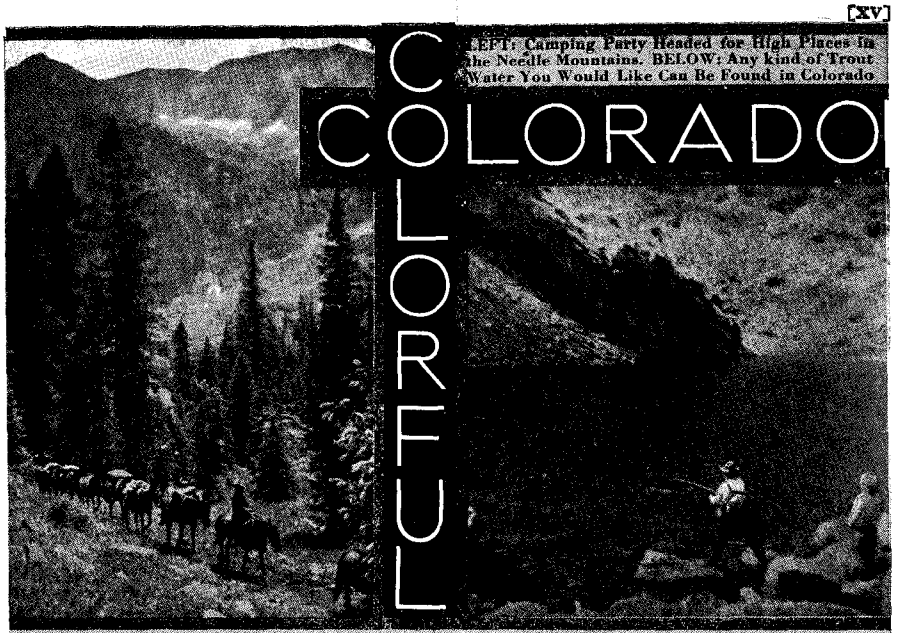
and varied country, so long closed to those who appreciate a totally new and stimulating travel experience.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

As practically everybody knows, the Tenth Olympiad is to take place in the United States this year — in and around Los Angeles, to be exact, from July 30 to August 14. The scene will be in the newly completed Olympic Stadium, which seats 105,000 people, and the events include almost every branch of athletics — from track and field events to football, fencing, cycling, and aquatic contests. In all there will be approximately 135 distinct attractions running continuously throughout the sixteen days. The success of the winter Olympics at Lake Placid last February indicates that the nation as a whole is going in heavily for sports in 1932, at least as spectators, and of course the ice-and-snow competitions form a minor portion of the Olympiad. Southern California is preparing to handle the greatest tourist crowd in its history and promises to provide a fitting setting for this greatest of athletic spectacles. If you don't come to the Games this summer, they say, you'll have to wait forty years before you'll have another chance to see them in this country.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

Transatlantic steamship lines are getting ready for the heavy traffic to Ireland this summer when the Thirty-first International Eucharistic Congress opens in Dublin on June 22 to continue for four days. The traditional pomp and ceremony of the Congress, as well as Pope Leo XIII's dictum that "For the promotion of Eucharistic devotion I will grant everything," insures the attendance of great crowds of the faithful from all parts of the world. Any Eucharistic Congress is a gathering of princes, priests, and the laity of the Catholic Church, and one held in Dublin will hold a double attraction for thousands of Irish Catholics in America who will take this opportunity to attend a great convention of the Church while at the same time visiting the old country. The program as scheduled consists of various general communion meetings, addresses by princes of the Church, and a daily pontifical mass in St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral. The Hamburg-American Line offers a special Eucharistic sailing from New York on the *S. S. Milwaukee* on June 13, and the Cunard-Anchor Line will accommodate passengers on the *S.S. Lancastria* on June 14. Third-class passengers on the *Lancastria* may use the ship as a hotel during the five-day period it is docked in Dublin; the boat calls at Boston both east- and westbound.



LEFT: Camping Party Headed for High Places in the Needle Mountains. BELOW: Any kind of Trout Water You Would Like Can Be Found in Colorado

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Fall Round-up of Range Cattle in Western Colorado

Left: The Famous Camp Bird Gold Mine, Near Ouray

Right: A Glimpse of the Great Minnequa Steel Plant, Pueblo

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The time-toned ramparts of Arundel Castle reflect the greatness of the Tudor builders. At Senlac, the Norman William's defeat of Harold changed the history of the world.

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GREAT
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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. Under no consideration will any letter be returned.

Sally Martyn's Article

The Editor wishes to acknowledge here the hundreds of letters which continue to pour into the FORUM *office in regard to Sally Martyn's "Youth and Prohibition" (February issue). While he realized before publication of the article that it was controversial material, he had no idea that it would evoke such a storm of comment or such a varied reception. The headmaster of a southern preparatory school has even gone so far as to send out a circular letter to schools and colleges asking that their libraries cancel their subscriptions to* THE FORUM. *One college president to whom this letter was addressed forwarded us a copy of his reply, which after refusing the request says in part:* "THE FORUM *advertises itself as offering a real forum for the discussion of varied opinions without seeking to defend these opinions. With this idea I am in great sympathy, particularly in view of the favored American sport indulged in by many of our 'best people' who seek to punish those of their fellow citizens who have opinions contrary to their own. . . . The article, whether true or false, gives an opportunity for real, constructive thinking on the part of the American people."*

The following letter from Miss Martyn is self-explanatory.

From Sally Martyn

To the Editor:

I have had all manner of calumny heaped on my head because of "Youth and Prohibition." I'm not surprised — I expected as much — and I'm not complaining. But I do want to make one thing clear.

I wrote that article, not for the purpose of baring to the world the sins of one state or one city, but because I felt I had to — because I wanted to show those people who praise the good effects of prohibition on the younger generation just what those effects have been as I have seen them. I have lived in Florida nearly all my life, and I think it the next best place to heaven. I used my town (and I must still insist on concealing its name; after all, I have to live here) simply because I knew it best, and because it is representative of almost any town its size. What I see here also happens elsewhere.

SALLY MARTYN

———, *Florida*

The Main Point

To the Editor:

In spite of all its inconsistencies, its childish reasoning, and its obvious inaccuracies, I somehow still liked Sally Martyn's "Youth and Prohibition." Why? Well, I'm not certain myself, but I think it was because her main point, garnished though it is with a liberal sprinkling of sensational journalese, nevertheless has the ring of truth. She is quite right: older people do have no idea of what younger people are doing, or how they think, or what they say when they are away from the parental ear. This, to me, was the kernel of the article — not the fact (or fiction, whichever it is) that such-and-such a percentage of high school children in such-and-such a town were found to have venereal disease. The paper should be read by mothers and fathers, not because it will prove to them the hopelessness of prohibition, but because it will show them that they are, and to a certain extent will always be, cut off from at least some of the struggles being waged by their children.

RAYMOND E. WALTERS

Ann Arbor, Mich.

No Dole

To the Editor:

I cannot agree with Edward A. Block when he says, in the March FORUM, that "We Can't Escape the Dole." The argument that we should set up a British dole system because idleness is the normal and expected condition of life for millions of men is utterly fallacious.

In the first place, it fails to recognize that an earned pay check and not a subsidy for idleness is the desire of every healthy minded American worker. If we have to pay out money anyway it would be better for society to pay men for wheelbarrowing dirt from one place to another and back again than to hand out a miserable dole for idlers.

In the next place, Mr. Block and a host of others fail to see that an idler, voluntary or involuntary, is more of an economic loss to the country than if he were to die. We bury corpses. We must feed, warm, shelter, and clothe the idle and non-producing.

Finally, proponents of the dole seem to assume that all of us are now oversupplied

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Our Rostrum

with the good things of life. I am Yankee enough to insist that if we *must* provide money for the jobless we ought to have something to show for it afterward. This country could be made safer, cleaner, healthier, and more beautiful *because* of an unemployment crisis if the idle were put to honest labor and paid an honest wage for it. For instance, 2000 of our people are killed and 6000 injured each year at railroad grade crossings. If we are going to feed several million men and their families anyway, why not put about one million of them at work removing these grade crossings? Automobiles on congested streets kill ten times as many as the railroads. Why not put the unemployed to work building arterial automobile streets to carry the huge traffic of to-day and the even huger traffic of to-morrow? There are slums to be torn down, sewage systems built, barren areas reforested, roadsides beautified — all making the country healthier, happier, and cleaner.

Britain's mistake is the insurance of idleness. Let us assure work and honestly earned pay for all who need it. The task is not impossible.

ELBERT H. CLARKE

Hiram, O.

Some of the Finest

To the Editor:

I may be a gross cynic, or just a callous realist, but Ernest Jerome Hopkins's plea for a more intelligent and more honest police ("Glorifying the Police," March FORUM) strikes me as being so idealistic as to be impossible.

In the first place, why does anyone choose to be a cop? Usually because (a) the candidate sees innumerable chances for more or less legal graft, or (b) because a glance at that plump, red-cheeked gendarme on the corner seems to indicate that — unless the beat is in Hell's Kitchen or the Chicago Loop — the policeman's lot is not an unhappy one. In other words, the very bait offered by the job — opportunity for a little extra-curricular emolument, and nice, healthy strolling in the open air — is what keeps, and will keep, policemen what they are.

Furthermore, Mr. Hopkins's figures about the low mentality of policemen seem to me gratuitous. Obviously our cops aren't very bright: if they were, they wouldn't be cops — they would be radio salesmen, ribbon clerks, or in any other walk of life which promises some hope of legitimate advancement and reward, and demands more than a charming brogue and an itching palm.

Don't infer, please, that I dislike policemen — on the contrary, I think that they are useful, comforting, and (though this is perhaps beside the point) cheerful people to have around. But as long as their jobs remain what they are — paid as they are,

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Artist's sketch of the Park Avenue Foyer of The Waldorf-Astoria. The Empire Room, delightfully formal, and the Sert Room with its exuberant murals (two of the Waldorf's four restaurants) are entered from this Foyer.

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

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Our Rostrum

providing the openings for graft that they do — I don't expect the men who fill them to be either mental giants or Galahads.

CHARLES ARNOLD

New York, N. Y.

"A Foul Blow . . ."

To the Editor:

"Death by Air Transport" (February FORUM) is as sound an article on aëronautics as a paper on how to raise children would be if written by a bachelor. I am not connected with the aviation industry in any way, but I have traveled many thousands of miles by air and I believe that Mr. Graham's piece is a foul blow struck for some material purpose.

His comparison between life preservers on boats and parachutes on planes is ridiculous. A damaged ship sinks slowly and even if it is listing badly gives passengers ample time to adjust life preservers and be instructed in their use. A plane in trouble does not float down like a leaf but usually plunges, nose or tail down, at a terrific speed. Under these circumstances I should like to see Mr. Graham calmly adjust his parachute and, even with plenty of exits available, step off.

R. N. BROWN

Bronxville, N. Y.

The Scapegoat Farmer

To the Editor:

Jay Franklin is characterized as a "political observer" in Toasts; he may well be. But from "God Help the Farm Board!" (February FORUM) I conclude that he has spent little time on a farm and less in hobnobbing with farmers.

The truth about the fiasco of the Farm Board is that its members tried to apply economics to the farm situation and found it didn't work. To cover their chagrin they have concentrated upon derogatory remarks about the ungrateful agricultural class. And by means of this expensive two-year course for Board members, the public has learned about the cotton raiser who realizes $300 a year while the Board members draw $12,000 and the head of the Cotton Coöperative gets $75,000; about the grain farmer who is barely existing while the manager of the Farmers' National Grain Coöperative receives $50,000.

The farmer is realizing that his salvation will come only when he has been milked so dry of exploiting possibilities that the politicians will abandon him and transfer their zeal to another and a more remunerative field. Although history does carry some chance remark about the embattled farmers, the rank and file of this group prefer to raise corn rather than to raise hell.

L. B. UTLEY

New Hampton, Ia.

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Our Rostrum

The Radio Goose

To the Editor:

This is the first letter I ever wrote to a magazine commending an article in its pages. But "I'm Signing Off," in your February number, is too good to be accepted in silence. It so fell in with my own views that I chortled all the way through it. If there ever was a business that killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, it is the broadcasting industry to-day.

ROBERT MERRITT

Wolfeboro, N. H.

The Reason for Money

To the Editor:

The gold standard may be, as William C. Ewing ("The Gold Standard," December FORUM) implies, an economic evil; but would stabilization of money, or of any form of exchange, help us in our present plight? Wheat is produced not to feed people but for the board of trade and for speculation; houses and apartments are built for the collection of rent, not for people to live in; apparel, furnishings, public utilities, luxuries, means of transportation and communication are manufactured not for the convenience and comfort of the people but to provide the stockholders of corporations with dividends. Money is therefore used not as a medium of exchange but as an instrument of usury. This is the principal reason for economic and moral depressions — and if wooden nickels were substituted for metal ones, the results would be the same.

EMIL SLOUTZKY

Sioux City, Ia.

The Trials of an Editor

To the Editor:

Time and tide wait for no man, and least of all for the editors of a monthly magazine who according to fond legend make up their Christmas issues in mid-July, so therefore you can hardly be held responsible for the idyllic tone of Henrietta Otis Shaw's "These Missionaries," in your March number. But to one who is at present engulfed in two-inch headlines concerning the Far Eastern war, Mrs. Shaw's statement that "missionaries in Chinese towns and cities are rather safer than in Chicago" sounds slightly incongruous. Still, the last laugh may be yours, for by the time you read this (or by the time you print this — if you do) China may again be a sweet meadow of peach trees and oriental temples, while Chicago may be . . . but I shall make no attempt to predict what Chicago may be, even to-morrow.

It was, nevertheless, an extremely interesting article, and a valuable one; like Mrs. Shaw, I had thought that all missionaries were like the one in *Rain*.

MRS. DAVID GOULD

Chicago, Ill.

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—And the Pleasures

To the Editor:

Congratulations not only on John T. Hackett's able piece on Franklin D. Roosevelt (March FORUM) but also on the dispatch with which you rushed it through the press. How you did it remains to me a mystery of journalism. Al Smith made his now famous announcement regarding his candidacy on February 7. I bought my FORUM at a newsstand on February 19. Yet when I read Mr. Hackett's article I discovered that he discusses the Smith release, even mentioning the date. In other words, the article (which certainly shows no signs of haste or carelessness) seems to have been written, printed, and placed in the hands of its readers in the short space of twelve days. Again, I congratulate both you and Mr. Hackett.

JULIUS G. LEWIS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Appreciation, Not Propaganda

To the Editor:

Mr. Lothrop Stoddard winds up his article in the December FORUM ("What France Really Wants") by saying that the Frenchman is an indefatigable propagandist, and as proof thereof ascribes to Frenchmen the oft-quoted saying, "Every civilized man has two countries, his own and France." This phrase, which from a Frenchman might be considered to smack somewhat of conceit, loses that character and becomes simple appreciation when its American authorship is realized. How in keeping it is with the mentality of Benjamin Franklin, or that of Jefferson! For E. Doumergue, on page 4 of *Les Origines de la Démocratie Moderne*, states that this insidious French propaganda, as Mr. Stoddard considers it, came from the American lips of one of these two gentlemen and was repeated by the other.

Mr. Stoddard might have been happier in the choice of his proof.

FLORIAN VURPILLOT

Washington, D. C.

Sermons in Stocks . . .

To the Editor:

I am not a member of the clergy, and it has never been my habit to defend them from the attacks to which they are occasionally subjected. But in Irwin Edman's "Salute to To-morrow" (January FORUM) the author suggests that clergymen are noticeably forward in being "delighted with the present economic debacle and the spectacle of international collapse on the ground that suffering millions . . . may learn spiritual lessons." And he says further that "there is not very much intelligence in that form of thanksgiving for human disaster."

All I should like to say is: small blame to our preachers and ministers if they grasp the present opportunity to impress

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upon their hearers the one outstanding and vitally important lesson that may be learned by humanity from the economic tribulations which it is now enduring. What are these men in their pulpits for if not to tell us what they believe to be the cause of our suffering and point out to us what they consider to be the remedy which we must adopt?

Ministers are not inconsistent, now, in taking the world depression for their text. When have they not been warning us of what must inevitably happen if the nations that profess Christianity continue to disregard its teachings — as well as the promptings of common sense? Our preachers have always emphasized the old doctrine, "Love your neighbor as yourself." Then why deny to them now the right and duty of arousing us to the fact that we have not been doing this, either individually, nationally, or internationally, and that in their opinion there is no other means of solving the universal problem now facing us?

As to Mr. Edman's implication that the goodness and intelligence of a Creator could find a less painful and more efficient means of instructing the human race than by the present financial calamities which are befalling it, there may be room for argument. But if not by pain and discomfort and embarrassment how, then, can man be brought to a stand? Nature's only recourse and remedy for error is — pain! It takes many forms, but it is generally effective — or will be in the long run. And it is our lot to-day.

J. E. McIntosh

Vankleek Hill, Ontario, Can.

Mr. Justice Cardozo

To the Editor:

After reading in the January Forum the fine article by Joseph P. Pollard on Judge Benjamin Cardozo I was prepared, and delighted, to hear of his appointment as a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. I commend The Forum on a very timely essay.

David O. Voss

Chicago, Ill.

Aristotles of the Movies

To the Editor:

Dalton Trumbo's "Frankenstein in Hollywood" (March Forum) is as sane a critique of the movies as I have read in some time. I have only one flaw to pick in it, and that is in his statement: "Among those qualified to discuss the cinema there exist only two groups: those who are legitimate and informed but whose public is limited, and the newspaper gang from which no good can possibly come."

As a matter of fact, aside from those prose-poems of vilification written by such critics as George Jean Nathan — a type of movie criticism which Mr. Trumbo him-

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self says is illogical and founded on prejudice just as the fan magazines are founded on suppressed desires — the most readable and much the soundest cinema comment we have comes from "the newspaper gang"; from such people as John S. Cohen of the New York *Sun* and Richard Watts, Jr., of the New York *Herald Tribune*, from Mordaunt Hall of the New York *Times* and Pare Lorentz of the Hearst group. These writers, all working on New York dailies, have their perhaps equally astute and intelligent fellow chroniclers on other papers throughout the country.

Admittedly the newspapers have their movie throb-sisters who tell the world about the color of Garbo's boudoir (though, by the way, most of this mush originates in Hollywood publicity offices and is syndicated), but they also have their intelligent critics who in turn have a wide following.

FLORENCE CASTLE

Newark, N. J.

That Way Madness Lies

To the Editor:

When Dr. W. Béran Wolfe writes in his article, "The Jargon of Psychology," (February FORUM) that "schizophrenia, or dementia precox as it is more popularly known, is a protean disease which fills more hospital beds in the United States than any other disease" doesn't he unwittingly raise the question of the efficiency of current psychiatric methods? Doesn't he indict his own profession?

He also suggests that the madman — at least the schizoid — is responsible for his condition. The patient is guilty, so to speak, of an extremely subtle and complex kind of malingering, unconscious for the most part. The psychiatrist's responsibility in the case is limited more or less to making him aware of the cowardice which has tricked him into his madness. This requires on the part of the patient, assisted by the psychiatrist, a painful examination of conscience and subsequent readjustment to his environment.

But the disease, in spite of current methods of treating it, is increasing.

Is not a society in which madness is, to say the least, one of the most prevalent causes of hospitalization, and murder and suicide so common that one reads of them daily with hardly more surprise than in reading of natural deaths in the obituary columns, invited to the same examination of conscience which the neurotic and the schizoid are invited by the psychiatrist to make? In fact, the invitation might well include the psychiatrist himself, as society's very well paid mediator between it and anti-social types of one kind or another.

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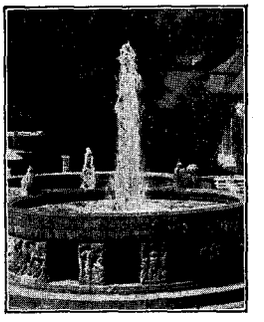

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Our Rostrum

Standards — Continued

To the Editor:

I have read with much interest, and I must confess also with considerable irritation, the recent articles by James Truslow Adams ("Standards," FORUM, October, 1931) and Henry Hazlitt ("How High Is Up?" February FORUM) in which they debate the subject of "standards."

My interest has been aroused by both articles, but my irritation is confined solely to Mr. Hazlitt's too often specious arguments. I agree with Mr. Adams that standards, to have any value, must have something of absolutism in them, and I find Mr. Hazlitt's contention that they are chiefly "implied comparisons" just as astonishing as Mr. Adams does. Moreover, when Mr. Hazlitt extends his notion that standards are but implied comparisons into the field of literary and dramatic criticism, I think, if he really means this, he is expressing a point of view completely at odds with that held by any other critic. To be sure, there is a great deal of poor criticism to be found in the pages of modern magazines and newspapers which may be accounted for by the low level of culture of those critics themselves, but I do not believe that even the poorest of them would admit to owning standards that shifted with every play or book he essayed to evaluate.

Mr. Hazlitt says, "The New York critics were both permitted and obliged to raise their usual standards when confronted with a play like O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra.*" Nonsense! They did nothing of the sort. They were confronted with a play that more nearly approached that standard of absolute excellence which, whether he can absolutely define it or not, every critic "intuitively" feels is the true measure of achievement. I say "intuitively" in spite of Mr. Hazlitt's scorn of the word. It may be a "slippery" one to those who have never experienced the "comprehension of ideas or truths independent of ratiocination" (*Century Dictionary*), but it is not to those who have within themselves the ability to feel truth without being able to prove it.

And of all specious arguments I have ever listened to, Mr. Hazlitt's takes the prize when he contends that the terms "good" and "evil" should be classed with those purely comparative ones, such as "long" and "short," "heavy" and "light," "far" and "near." No one has ever *proved* the existence of "absolute good," although there are many who intuitively feel that it does exist, but who has ever even suggested the existence of "absolute long," "absolute far," "absolute light"—words which have no meaning except in a purely comparative sense?

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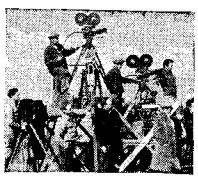

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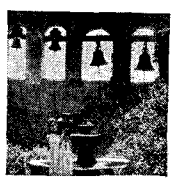

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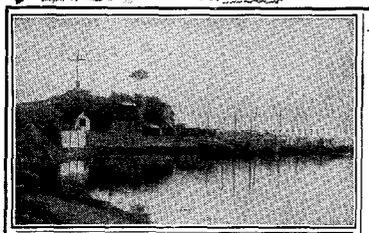

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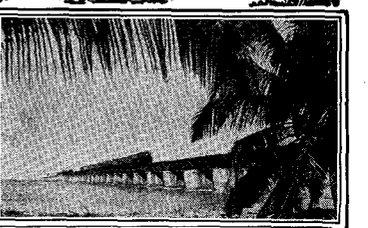

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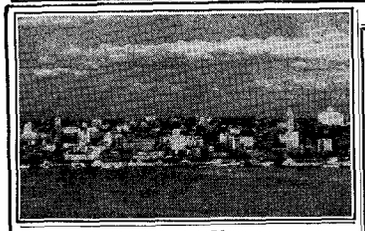

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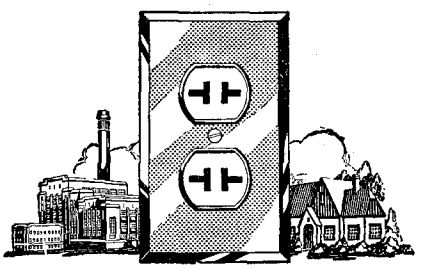

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DOWNTOWN

More Confidence, Less Liquidity

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

Most of the economic trends of the past two years were unavoidable. Excesses in one direction or another created during the boom period had to be corrected. Adjustments had to be made in the commodity price level and in security prices, and they brought a train of other adjustments in their wake. Since last summer psychological influences have played an important part in creating new problems and in delaying the day of business revival. We are not particularly concerned here with the psychological factors that started the run on German, and then on British, banking resources; that is a chapter in itself. But the psychological influence upon the domestic banking situation has been important and has had most unfortunate consequences.

Bank failures were not a new factor in the financial situation last September, when England went off the gold standard. In fact some two thousand banks had closed their doors in the preceding twelve months — most of them small institutions. Bankers in the financial centers of the United States were placing their houses in as liquid a position as possible in advance of this event, to be sure, but the unsettlement to confidence, the actual fear occasioned by the British departure from the gold basis, imparted momentum to this desire for liquidity. People in many sections of the country began to hoard cash, and the banks faced abnormally heavy withdrawals by depositors. Thousands of banks paid out 50 per cent or more of their entire deposits — a concerted drive which the banking system never expected to be called upon to withstand.

President Hoover rose to the emergency in October and proposed the organization of the National Credit Corporation. Banks of the country contributed funds to the creation of a $500,000,000 credit pool which would direct its funds to the relief of institutions that were temporarily in a non-liquid position. This was a form of independent banking relief and not relief through Government agency. When Congress convened in December the President proposed the organization of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, an institution with from $500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000 of resources, whose funds could be directed to relieving the most pressing credit situations.

Other measures to restore confidence were launched. Early in January, the Federal Reserve System initiated a move-

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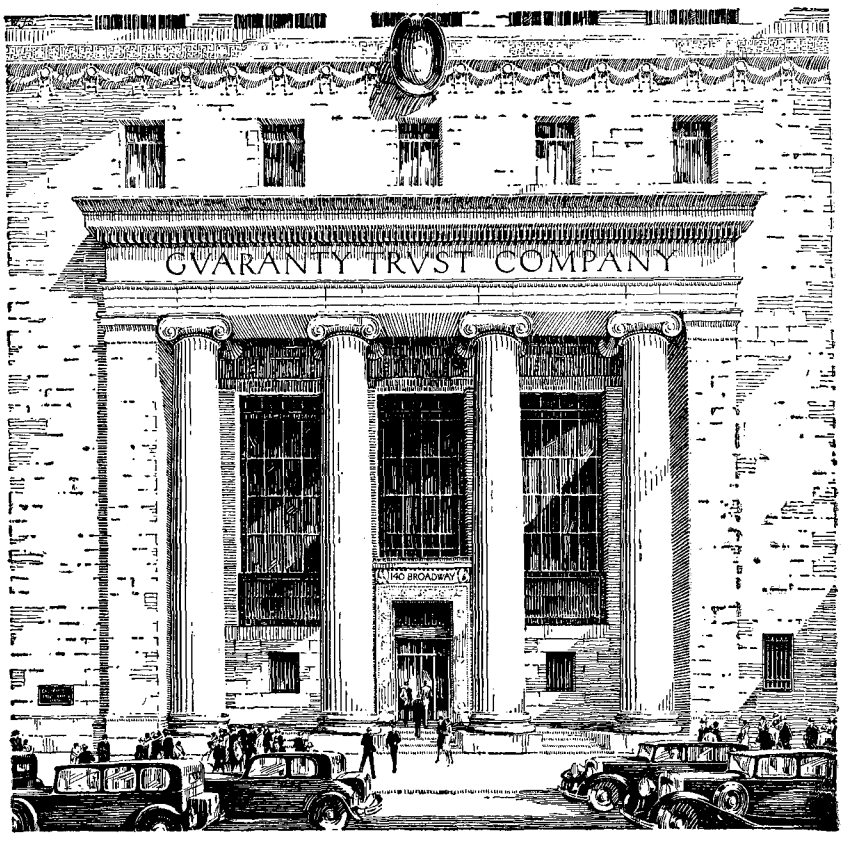
ment to ease the credit situation, the first step in which was a more aggressive bid for acceptances in the open market by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Europe viewed this as a step in the direction of inflation and began to withdraw her credits in this country — largely in the form of gold. The threat of a drain on our gold reserves was sufficient to give pause to this policy. Meanwhile, steps were taken to balance the budget, to improve the credit position of the railroads, and to consider other methods of banking reform.

BANK LIQUIDITY

From the foregoing it is clear that the big problem of the depression which has arisen in the last six or eight months is that of bank liquidity. When the Federal Reserve System was first conceived, it was planned to have an institution which would stand back of the banks with a huge reserve and which would enable banks to meet any demands put upon them. As the system was first put into operation, it was designed to cope with just such emergencies. But a fundamental change in the character of the sum total of bank credit has occurred in the short period since the reserve system was established. Industry has financed its credit requirements in the past decade more through long termed security issues and less through short term bank loans. Since the notes of industrial organizations created paper eligible for rediscount, the volume of paper that could be rediscounted by banks — when they wished to borrow from reserve banks — has diminished. What has aggravated the situation, perhaps, is that most of the available supply of paper eligible for rediscount has tended to be concentrated in big banking centers, leaving very little rediscountable paper in the hands of country banks. A second outstanding change was the rise in security loans by banks. Yet, except for loans secured by Government bonds as collateral, security loans cannot be pledged by banks with the reserve banks when they must borrow. Congress specifically barred such loans, believing that it would encourage speculation. Washington was bound that Wall Street should not obtain Federal Reserve credit. A third change in the past decade was a sharp rise in bank loans on real estate as collateral, particularly in country banks; and such loans are not eligible for rediscount. The effect of these changes has been that when the recent emergency arose many banks found themselves with very little collateral that was acceptable at reserve banks when they needed cash. To obtain cash they were obliged to sell their own assets. This merely aggravated their situation. "Such sales tended to depress prices and de-



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Downtown

preciate assets of other persons," observed the National City Bank recently, "and so the effects go around the circle." It has proved to be a vicious circle indeed.

REVISING THE SYSTEM

CLEARLY what is needed is a revision of the Federal Reserve Act in order to bring that valuable institution up to date. The focal point of the attack should include a broadening of the rediscount privilege. The Glass-Stegall Bill, which aims to revise the system's practice, includes a clause that will permit member banks to borrow from reserve banks, in groups, on their joint notes secured by general assets as collateral.

Yet a radical revision of the rediscount restrictions of reserve banks may not prove a cure-all. It is a fact that in 1921 there was plenty of rediscountable paper, and we had a depression just the same. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note that that depression was not attended by hoarding, by a general breakdown of confidence, or by important bank failures, due to lack of bank liquidity. That depression ended when the economic factors had spent themselves and was not followed by a wave of psychological selling caused by fear. Had the current depression followed the same pattern, the chances are that by the autumn of 1931 a business revival would have been in sight. It is also worth noting that the restrictions upon rediscounts of securities as collateral did not prevent Federal Reserve funds from flowing indirectly into the security markets in the last boom. In 1929 banks rediscounted freely at the Federal Reserve to obtain funds to lend to brokers and speculators on margin. Collateral loans of reporting member banks rose from $3,667,000,000 in 1921 to $8,560,000,000 in June 1930, while direct investments of these banks in securities rose from $3,229,000,000 to over $6,780,000,000 in 1930.

Lack of liquidity in the current depression has raised, for the first time, a serious problem in municipal finance. Normally, many municipalities borrow for current expenditures for payroll and supplies in anticipation of tax receipts later. But this year, banks in many localities were striving for liquidity at a time when municipalities were endeavoring to borrow for current expenditures, and in many instances there were no loans to be had. An ordinary routine function was closed to them. This is but a sample of the extremes to which the craze for liquidity has led us in this depression. It arises, of course, from the lack of confidence on the part of the people themselves, since they have been springing runs on banks when they are least expected. The fundamental need now is for a little more confidence and a little less bank liquidity.

Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

A CHAIN OF SERVICE. A booklet describing and illustrating the history and development of the Associated Gas and Electric System. Copy upon request. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

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PACIFIC LIGHTING CORPORATION. A description of the history and development of the corporation, location of properties, and the financial statements of the holding company and its subsidiaries. Copy upon request. Pacific Lighting Corp., 433 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

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